

THE SHÁIR:

AND

~~Other Poems.~~

BY

KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine,
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

BYRON.

CALCUTTA :

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TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD W. C. BENTINCK,
G. C. B., AND G. C. H.,
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.

This volume of Poems
IS,
BY PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN publishing this small volume of Poems, the Author, though apprehensive of making any general apologies, deems it still necessary to premise briefly and simply, that being the first Hindu who has ventured to publish a volume of English Poems ; and having received his education at the Anglo-Indian College of Calcutta, in English only, among the other languages of Europe which are taught along with it as essential for the acquirement of the recondite learning of the West ; the Author is perfectly conscious of the imperfections which must have occurred in this little work, but for which a sufficient plea will, he hopes, be proved in the circumstances just before mentioned.

The original title of the first poem in the book, was “The Minstrel ;” but the Author having observed that persons wholly unacquainted with it, upon hearing its name only, mistook it for an imitation of some English poem of the same name,

such as Dr. Beattie's "Minstrel;" he subsequently altered and called it by its present title "The Sháír," the Persian term for a minstrel or a bard, and the reason of his adopting the Persian word is, that Hassan, who narrates the poem, is a Mussulman, and therefore calls the Hero of it a *Sháír* or a bard.

The Author's motive for writing the "Hindu Festivals," almost all the principal ones of which will be found in the subsequent pages of this volume, is nothing else but this: Being one day in conversation with a friend on the subject of publishing his poems, he was suggested the importance and utility of writing something by way of national poetry; and having then no other Indian subject at hand which he could make a choice of, but the Hindu Festivals; an account of which he had promised to write for the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*; he versified them into small pieces of poetry, which were published in that journal. Some additions to, and alterations in them, have been afterwards made while these pages were in the course of printing.

Calcutta; 72, Shambazar, }
the 1st September, 1830. }

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ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following errors.

Page 3 line 12 for "That formed a *mound* of fragrance round" read
"hedge."

— 3 — 15 — "Was gaily, sweetly *blossomming*" read "blos-
soming."

— 19 — 2 — "The night wind sighed for *flowret's* love" read
"flowrets."

— 23 — 8 — "To waste itself *in* forest gale" read "on."

— 25 — 12 — "That come to us to pass arain" read "That
come but once and ne'er again"

— 48 — 4 — "I failed, it drooped, I knew not why" read
"It failed."

— 54 — 19 — "The bard himself had plunged where" read
"in where."

— 92 — 16 — "From any earthly *woes* controul" read "woe's."

— 96 — 2 — "Who rules in heaven the kingly rod" read
"wields."

— 104 — 2 — "Fair Sachi sat his beauteous *pride*" read
"bride."

— 110 — 12 — "Which *brighten* more the rosy day" read
"brightens."

— 136 — 3 — "Why sound of cymbals, drums, and pipes *ap-
pear*" read "blend there."

— 156 — 9 — "Dread honours on thee *awful* Goddess! await" read
"awful."

— 192 — 5 — "But the natural history of the two *are* the same,
and the authority of several oriental scholars
justify my using it in either name" read
"the natural history of the two, *is* the same,
and the authority, &c. *justifies*, &c."

— 195 — 7 — "Conceived such implacable vengeance *on* the
offspring of *Vasudeva*," read "such ven-
geance *towards*, &c."

THE SHÁIR ;

A POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

TO HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, ESQ.

Harp of my country ! Pride of yore !
Whose sweetest notes are heard no more !
O ! give me once to touch thy strings,
Where tuneful sweetness ever clings.
Though hands that far superior were
Once waked the sleeping sweetness there ;
Yet if my scanty skill can make
One note, however faint, awake,
My weak endeavour will not be
In vain ;— 'tis all I wish from thee.

Unskilled, I strive to soar on wings
Of various, wild imaginings,

2

Although my every nerve I strain,
Yet find my labour end in vain ;
My feeble limbs can scarcely keep
My flight unskilled through airy deep,
Prone to the earth I fall, and vain
I try to rise on high again.
Still, as by every effort new

The bird doth vigour fresh attain
Its course aëriel to pursue ;—
I strive to fly that I may gain
Perchance, by each attempt, new strength,
And safely soar on high at length.

Once on a time, so runs my tale,
In some delightful, rosy vale,
When vanished were the shades of night,
The Heavens were gilt with morning's light,
And clouds were painted bright and fair
As shining hope bedecks our care ;—

3

Sat Hassan with his Zeeran dear
 And breathed the fragrant breeze ; when near
 Into the charming wood he saw
 A bower that Art can never draw.
 Where tall Asoka's* branches made
 A thick, o'erspreading, cooling shade.
 Behind, there stood a mountain high
 Clad with fresh verdurous majesty.
 Before, a stream was running on,
 In softly sweet and murmuring tone.
 The sides with flowery plants were crowned,
 That formed a ~~meadow~~^{Ridge} of fragrance round ;
 Where many a rose in youthful pride,
 Like Beauties blooming side by side,
 Was gaily, sweetly blossoming,
 As if there reigned eternal Spring
 Where, sooth, her graces Nature lent,
 As if it were to represent

* Joneisa Asoka ; a beautiful tree with red blossoms.

4

What beauties there may bud below,
To give this Earth a heavenly glow.

This earthly heaven and lovely spot
To Hassan's recollection brought,
As caught the bower by chance his view,
Of one sweet Sháir whom he knew ;
Who, versed in every tuneful lay,
Had lived there many a happy day,
Till was his cup of pleasures o'er,
And Fate ordained he should no more
Enjoy that which possessed his life,
But end in woe and sorrow's strife ;
And Hassan thus the Sháir's tale
Told to his Zeeran in that vale.

THE SHÁÏR.



CANTO I.

I.

The Sun is dancing on that rill
Rejoicing at his goal,

The genial sweets of morning thrill
The softly yielding soul.

How beautously the blooming morn
With sunbeams, doth the skies adorn.
And now the rosy streaks glow more
Like lips of Beauty smiling o'er.

His descant chaunts the Koil now
From yonder mountain's gilded brow.
The rose is blushing sweet to hear
Her Bulbul's tale with pity's tear.

Where opening lotus-blossoms gay
 Yield to the kiss of Surya's* ray,
 How anxious for the honey-dew
 Hover the bees' innumerable crew !
 The purling streamlet makes a song,
 As through the vale it glides along.
 The regal swans† majestic skim
 The waves with glittering sunbeams trim
 The zephyr soft is sighing round,
 Over the lawn the deer doth bound.
 The dewy pearls of crystal light,
 Are strewed around to charm the sight.
 The tender shoots and flowers are springing,
 And many a bird from them is singing.

* The Sun.

† The swans are here put for the *Rajahansas* a superior species of the gander, to whom Indian poets have made the like allusions which European bards make to the swan.

II.

This scene of joy—that charming grove,
To my remembrance brings, my love !
One, whom I knew, a son of Song,
That dwelt here—Nature's sweets among.
Ah hapless bard !—I knew him well,
My heart yet heaves with sorrow's swell !
His manly limbs and youthful bloom,
Confirmed his soul knew not the gloom
Of woe or grief; but O ! his state
Was changed soon by relentless fate !

III.

Then as you mark the sun display
His beams to bring a cheerful day,
Watch the far rising of the hill,
The sparkling waves on yonder rill
And cheat the day in this rich vale
Thus sweetly musing ;—hear the tale

That I'll to thee my love ! relate
 Of this sweet Sháïr's piteous fate.
 Let soft compassion in you flow,
 As thou dost listen to his woe.
 Let pity claim from thee a tear :
 Then to the mournful tale give ear.

IV.

Beside that hill, beneath that shade,
 His lonely home the Sháïr made ;
 Profound in every tuneful art,
 Which gives a glowing to the heart ;
 Profound to pour his mellow lay,
 To captivate the heart away.
 Full many a deed and warlike feat,
 And ancient tale he could repeat ;
 Or tune his Vin* with minstrel fire
 To passions soft and love inspire.

* The current name of the Indian lute, and an abbreviation of the Sanscrit term *Vina*.

His name was not a vulgar name,
For not unknown was he to fame.
To many a country he had been,
And many a kingly court had seen,
With his loved-one, and Vin to find
Some favour from among mankind.

V.

But vain his travel, vain his toil,
His virtues chaste he durst not soil.
His simple heart knew not the art
To act a base dissembler's part.
He scorned to lean to flattery's side,
Or bow to vanity and pride.
His noble mien and soul upright
Were hateful sore to envy's sight.
With minstrcl pride he could not brook
The world's disdain and frowning look.
Far from the world he lived retired,
Where all his pains and woes expired.

10

VI.

When dreary northwind blows too sore,
The face of nature blooms no more.
The skies o'ercast ; the trees decay,
And every flowret fades away.
A desert all below doth seem,
The sun but poorly darts his beam.
But when the zephyr lightly wakes,
Then far the blast itself betakes.
Then many a flower begins to blow,
That gives the scene a lovely glow ;
The clouds are scattered ; fair and bright
The sun emits his genial light.
So when the blasts of fortune ill
And world's disdain and frown blew chill,
How were his flowers of hope oppressed !
His life was like a desert waste !
But when arose his minstrel pride,
No longer blew those blasts ; aside

The clouds of care were driven away
 And sweet contentment's cheerful ray
 Beamed forth and full revived his life,
 Where many a lovely flower of hope
 That promised future joys did ope,
 Secure of further, woeful strife.
 As if his life's sad winter past
 And spring her genial influence cast.

VII.

Thus lived he like the nightingale,
 And chaunted oft his mellow tale
 Unto the rosebud of his life,
 His only dearest part ;
 Or, when the woe of love was rife,
 The soother of his heart.
 Her fairy form and azure eye,
 Her raven tresses flowing by,

12

Her ruby lips and pearly breast,
Where seemed young Love had made his rest
Could shame a poet's effort rare
And well a painter's painting dare.
As if she were dear Loveliness
Revealed on earth in mortal dress ;
Or bliss embodied come from Heaven,
To soothe a heart by tempests riven !

VIII.

As those two ivies twining grow
Beneath the mountain's rugged brow,
If one of them you snatch away
The other breaks along—
Or like the bright moon and it's ray
The bard of tuneful song
Was never from his love apart—
The ray that cheered his lonely heart.

13

Together o'er some lofty mount,
Beside a dimpling flood or fount,
Or in some cool, refreshing vale,
Where breathes the odour-pinioned gale,
They wandered ; like two spirits blessed
Seeking what joy this earth possessed.
As if their hearts knew not a woe
To mortals given on earth below.

IX.

Free as the wandering birds in air
Were he and his Armita fair ;
Gay as the deer that bound at dawn
To drink the dew upon the lawn.
No sign of sorrow marked their face,
But roses only you might trace.
Their hearts were like two crystal streams,
That, mirror-like, threw back their beams,

14

Upon their looks where you might see,
They spent their days right cheerfully.
Or, like two gentle, faithful doves,
Their hearts were made of joys and loves.

X.

While thus in that green grove they dwelt,
Afar from men, by scorn compelled,
And passed their days in guileless joy,
Without a sorrow's dark alloy :—
Or while they lived without a day
Their hearts e'er knew to shroud the ray
Of boundless love and happiness,
And hope clad in her various dress,
His minstrel fire would ever rise,
When he had marked the radiant skies
Gild the expanse of white and blue
By morning beams with rosy hue ;—

Then by his loved Armita's side
 While throbbed his breast with love's high pride,
 He'd while full many a pleasant hour
 Within his joy-embosomed bower,
 And fling his hand the Vin along,
 And thus would flow his mellow song.

XI.

SONG.

The sun is rising from that stream
 Encircled with his glories round ;
 Like waking bright of fancy's dream
 When infant hopes in it abound.

The breeze is blowing soft and slow,
 With music sweet the waters glide ;
 So may our days serenely flow,
 Thus sweetly living by thy side !

16

Like air that sports upon the hill,
Our life shall be, so free and gay,
Amongst these joys of nature, till
Like meteor bright it fleets away.

At morn the verdure-clothed mount,
Or meadow green the streamlet by ;
At noon the grove beside the fount
Will cheat the hours unheedfully.

XII

Here would the Sháür cease his lay,
Soft as the breeze at close of day,
That gently whispering wakes the flowers
To fragrance in delicious bowers.
And he would seem as if he cast
His eye of mind on what had past ;
An instant seemed a thought to shroud,
As o'er the sun a fleeting cloud,

17

The ray of happiness that shone
So radiantly his cheeks upon.
But when that thought had rolled away,
The Sháir would resume his lay,
And give unto the passing wind,
These raptures of an amorous mind.

XIII.

SONG.

But what are charms of hill or grove
Where Beauty opes her graces rare,
To those that shine in thee, my love !
How fair, how more than earthly fair.

For when we saw full many a day
Inwove with toil and sorrows sore,
Could we not cast them well away
Thus with thee Sweet ! in amorous lore.

Can aught on earth or heaven above
 Afflict the heart with sorrow's strife,
 When flows within love, boundless love ;
 When thou'rt the Chandra* of my life.

No, no ; thy modest, witching smile,
 Can shed a beam, a rosy beam,
 To cheer the lightened soul the while,
 That seems to wake as from a dream !

XIV.

Or—when his daily course had run,
 And ceased to shine the golden sun ;
 Her robe of darkness wore the night,
 The stars emitted sparkling light ;
 The moon sailed like a silver bark,
 Along the ocean vast and dark,

* The Moon.

All round were hushed below, above,
 The night-wind sighed for flowret's love,
 And strove in whispering tone to gain
 Their odours sweet and pass amain :—
 Then would the Sháir also string,
 His vocal Vin and thus would sing.

XV.

SONG TO NIGHT.

Hail dew-distilling, sable power
 With many a starry jewel crowned ;
 To lovers fond the most loved hour,
 While thou dost fling pale lustre round.

Thy placid brow so mild, and calm,
 How sweet and lovely to the sight ;
 As if it sheds a healing balm
 Into the sorrowing soul, O night !

20

O ! when on heaven's unbounded space,
With fond delight I fix my eye,
To gaze on thy moon-lighted face,
How leaps my heart incessantly !

How many a lovely, young desire,
Plays round the soul in sportive mood ;
How briskly flashes fancy's fire,
Within the bosom's solitude !

XVI.

Here would the Sháïr drop his lay,
And cease upon his Vin to play ;
And he would raise on high his eyes
To mark the wonders of the skies ;
And seem as if his throbbing soul
Had spurned and fled its narrow goal,
To where the radiant moon appeared
Forth breaking from a cloud and reared

21

Her visage full unto the sight,
Like bursting forth of hope's sweet light,
Through clouds of care, in woeful hour
To cheer the gloomy heart, and pour
Full many a soothing comfort, made
By active fancy's ready aid:—
And when his throbbing breast was stilled,
And maddened were his brains and filled
By gazing on the stars and beams
Of Chandra bright, with fancy's dreams;—
Then as the willing fire did spring,
The Sháur sweet again would sing.

XVII.

SONG.

Sweet hour to soothe the soul's distress!—
The moon above is shining bright,
Like unattained happiness
To tempt the heart, delightful night!

22

Still, as I gaze with ecstacy
On all those eyes of silver light,
That sparkling glance so smilingly
From out thy face, dark-mantled night !

My heart with hope begins to glow,
My mind is buoyant with delight,
A thousand aspirations flow
Rapid along, enrapturing night !

Then shed on me thy gentle sway,
And bid some vision-breathing sprite
Descend to charm my soul away
In dreams of bliss, O night ! O night !

XVIII.

So was the Sháïr wont to play
His fingers o'er the vocal string,
And with his fire ecstatic sing
His rapture-animating lay.

Soft like a waterfall remote,
 Or distant strains from Koïl's throat,
 When weary of her travel, shines
 The Queen of night and swift declines—
 His gentle accents so would fall,
 But O ! in desert,—not in hall !
 And ring in mountain and in dale
 To waste itself in forest gale.
 Although he now had ceased to sing
 His lay, its echoes yet would ring
 So sweetly soft, as if it still
 Were ringing on the azure hill.
 And still Armita would her ear
 Incline his honied song to hear.

XIX.

Thus lived the Sháïr with his love
 In that delicious, shady grove,

Where joys with wreaths of sweet love crowned
Before them danced in rosy round.
As if their life without a night
Of woe, were all of sunshine bright ;
As if it were a rosebud young
Forth blooming from its thorns among ;
Or as 'twere light of morning's birth,
From nightly darkness bursting forth,
After the spirits of the air
Have fought to make it calm and fair.
No thought of care their life divided,
But like a stream it softly glided.
Their memory no reflection cast
Of all their sad misfortunes past ;
As if they had been all a dream,
Forgotten soon as morning's beam
Descends to wanton with the rill,
And paint the skies and brows of hill.

XX.

On fleeted time on noiseless wing,
 But fleeted Oh ! sad woes to bring !—
 O ! who could see with prescient eye,
 And by the present prophecy
 The sufferings that would him await,
 And woeful end ordained by Fate !
 Yes,—all would think his happy lot
 Would so remain and alter not !
 Yea—all would wish his fortune rare
 Would have their portion been to share ;
 Alas ! our earthly joys are vain,
~~and~~ⁱⁿ ~~not~~^{now} again !
 That come ~~to us to pass again~~ !
 And leave the heart like autumn leaf
 To mercy of the blasts of grief !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

TO JAMES YOUNG, ESQ.

My long neglected harp again
I take and dare attune the strain ;
With trembling hand I touch the string,
And strive unpracticed verse to sing.
My bosom with no thought is warm,
All hearts with master skill to charm.
No great desire of fame me fires
To sing my humble lay ;
But if (thus much my theme aspires)
Unto it's feeble sway,
A higher throb one heart return,
'Tis all I wish and try to earn.

Now o'er the wood in mid-day heaven,
His radiant car the sun has driven.
The glorious Lord of Day displays
In dazzling glow his golden rays.
With withering heads and downward cast,
The flowers and leaves are drooping fast ;
As if in reverence nature bends
Before the glories bright,
Which red, resplendent Surya* lends
To gild this world with light.
The charm of silence all around
The bush, the brake, the mead hath bound.
The birds are mute, the wind is dead,
And heat intense around is shed ;
Such is the glow my native clime
Gives forth to all in mid-day time.

* The Sun.

But Hassan in the pleasant vale,

Continued still the Sháir's tale.

The Muse has changed her former tone,

To that which is to sadness prone.

She sings how soon by ruthless fate,

His hopes and joys the bard had lost !

What pangs ah ! who can them relate !

His peace of breast then hapless crossed !

Those happy days which he would fain

Believe, would never pass again—

Alas ! alas ! away had passed,

As if they were too dear to last !

Like mist before the morning's ray,

So fleetingly they passed away.

As if they were a vision given,

As earnest of its joys, by Heaven.

Yes— fled they like a meteor's sheen,

And seemed as if they ne'er had been.

As when a storm obscures the skies,
More radiant grow the rainbow's dyes.
So Love alone his cheerful light
Flung o'er his heart's deep, murky night
Of worldly sorrows and distress,
And gilt them with forgetfulness.
But now when even the only ray,
Which cheered his life, had burnt away
A deeper gloom his heart o'ercast,
And drearer than the darksome past;
When hope yet painted fancy's bowers,
With every joyance earth makes our's,
When yet futurity seemed not
To him a dark, a dreary blot.

From every joy and hope estranged,
How sadly was the Sháür changed!

What grieſs alas ! his heart depressed !
What pangſ assailed his aching breast !
Which ſeemed too like the funereal earth
Of joys conſumed even in their birth,
Of hopes all blighted in their bloom,
Of feelings crushed by hapless doom.
A mighty wreck ! alas ! the fate
Of broken heart and desolate !
Or like a fragrant flowret wrung,
By the whirlwind's power away,
And on a lonesome desert flung
Relentless, to decay ;—
The bard by deep misfortune's blast,
Upon the waste of grief was cast.
With tear-drops big his eyes were dimmed,
With bitter woe his heart was brimmed ;
And on his brows engraven were
The hieroglyphics of despair !

32

Ah ! why a sport should frail man be,
To blasts of grief on misery's sea ?
Ah ! why like wounded birds will fall
At once our hopes and joys and all
Such things as make our life appear
So bright, so lovely, and so dear ?
Why gloomy care should like a cloud
The fairest scene of life enshroud ?
And why alas ! should happiness
Be ever blended with distress ?
But so it is ; like calm and strife,
Pleasure and pain succeed in life.
As flowers and thorns connected grow
In human life so bliss and woe !

THE SHÁİR.



CANTO II.

I.

The rose of bliss above is fair,
While lurk beneath it thorns of care ;
It blooms until the leaves are cast
Away, by rough misfortune's blast.
Or bliss is like a glancing beam
 Of Surya in a cloudy day ;
Or like a fair, delusive dream
 Passing with transient joy away ;
Or like a flash of lightning's light,
Which cheers the darksome brow of night ;
Or like a cloud of morn that shines
With glowing but reflected lines.

II.

Such is the destiny of men !
A few short hours of bliss, and then
Darkness and sorrow, pangs and grief,
From which the heart finds no relief.
Until to their tyrannic sway,
It yields and bursts at once away.
O ! why are mortals doomed to share
So great a part of woe and care ?
May not serenely pass our life
Without a pang, without a strife ?
'Tis ever so—'twill ever be—
The lot of man is misery,
With pleasing hope's sweet flashing beams,
As are at night the firefly's gleams.

III.

Thus was it with the bard. O ! how
His happy lot was altered now !

Scarce had he kissed his cup of joy
 And tasted its contents secure ;
 He found it not without alloy
 Of sorrows that are fatal sure.
 Scarce had his flower of pleasure bloomed,
 When in the bud 'twas crushed away,
 And pitilessly strewed and doomed
 —No more to bloom—but to decay.

IV.

His loved Armita—sad to tell—
 On which the mind but shrinks to dwell—
 Hath slept the sleep too dark to break—
 That, from which none can ever wake !
 Alas ! her very dearest name—
 What was it but a burning flame ?
 What sorrows heaved his troubled breast !
 What woeful visions it possessed !

With death of her his hopes were dead,
And all his future prospects fled,
Swift as an eagle's rapid flight,
Or dark-eyed beauty's glance of light.
That leaves behind a tender sting,
Which to the heart must ever cling.

V.

Mark the resplendent light of even
Which paints an August's rain-washed heaven,
Though bright it burns, how soon it fades
Before the evening's lowering shades—
And mark the rainbow's fleeting dyes
Reflected in the summer skies ;—
And you will know how soon away
Passed the bard's happiness for aye !—

VI.

Ah ! why should happiness be given
A presage ere the heart be riven ?
Ah ! why should life once happiest be
But soon to close in misery ?
Aye thus it is ! when bliss precedes
Dark-frowning sorrow following speeds
Oft when at summer morn or even,
Serenely smiles the face of heaven,
At once obscuring clouds are near,
And fraught with anger, storms appear ;—
So bliss forebodes that woe is nigh
To darken life's late tranquil sky.

VII.

How changed the woeful bard appeared,
When all his fondest hopes were seared !
You may have seen the tender stem
That bears the rose's blooming gem ;

How, when the flowret falls away,
Snatched by a storm, it doth decay !
You may have seen the lily-flower
That liveth in the watery bower,
How smilingly and purely white
It blooms when shines the moon at night !
But when the moon is sunk and gone,
Th' impassioned flower with grief is wan.
Or, when the radiant gem of day
Has ceased to dart its golden ray,
You may have marked the gloomy mien
 . . .
 . Of heaven when nature mourns at night ;
Though all the stars combine their sheen
 . To cheer it with their silver light.

VIII.

So when the fairest, sweetest flower
That grew in love's rich, roseate bower,

Fell, rent by Death's cold blast away,
 How did the Sháïr's heart decay !
 So bloomed his soul—a lotos fair*
 'Neath beams his moon emitted there ;
 But when her beams no more she cast,
 How drooped his soul and withered fast !
 So like the gloomy, mournful night
 His sad soul was without the light
 Its only gem had ceased to dart,
 And light the altar of his heart !
 For which it wept till it was brought
 (Ah ! why should it be so ?) to nought ;
 Although boon nature's beauties round
 Which beautify the earthly ground ;
 All, all her lavished sweets combined
 To soothe his sad, bewildered mind.

* In Bengallee as well as in Sanscrit poetry, the heart is generally compared to the lotos.

IX.

How like a crystal lake at rest
No thought had ere disturbed his breast.
But when this storm of sorrow blew
Far, far away its calmness flew.
At every thing that caught his view
The lonely Sháïr woeful grew;
A sudden pang assailed his breast
And shook his frame and well expressed
How sorrows in his bosom caged,
Like a black storm there wildly raged !
And hope that like the rainbow's ray
Had beamed, even like it fled away,
And left his soul, as doth it e'er,
A cheerless vacuum dark and drear,
And ever with itself at strife !—
Ah ! such should be the doom of life !

X.

At morn how would his tears and sighs
 Steal when on heaven he fixed his eyes !
 The red beams would to him appear,
 Like smiles of her he loved so dear !
 Nay—every virtue heaven can send
 To grace a mortal's mind,
 And every beauty earth can lend
 In her alone combined.

Her innocence was like the fawn's
 Bounding in joy when morning dawns.
 Pure as the dews at early day,
 Sweet as sweet music far away,
 Soft as the beams of Chandra fair
 Descending through the dewy air,
 And graceful as the stately pride,
 Of snow-white swans* in yonder tide,

* The motion of the *Rajahansa* is esteemed graceful by us as is that the swan by the Europeans.

Was she who left her memory
As if the only legacy !

XI.

The soft notes of the nightingale,
Or zephyr's whispers in the vale,
No more to please his ear did meet,
But O ! his bosom's joys to sear !
Alas ! they were as soft and sweet
As was the voice of her so dear !
O ! when he heard the sky-lark sing
Its tuneful lays on morning's wing,
Its liveliness was woeful sore
For 'twas like her's who's now no more !
Alas ! the selfsame beauties rare
Of nature boon, that pleasure bare,
No more unto his dark soul brought
A moment free from cankering thought.

No ! did these joys of nature turn
 To raise his woe—his soul to burn !

XII.

Alas ! that grief and misery
 Against his heart should ever strike !
 Alas ! that breaking it should like
 A fractured concave mirror be !
 That all the past, so lately dead,
 In forms increased exhibited.
 The flashing joy, the golden beam,
 Which cheered his life with but a gleam,
 Vanished away like fancy bright,
 Or hope's beguiling, dying light.
 As if his life shot forth a ray
 But fleetly to be quenched away !
 O ! then his breast was roused to war
 By many a thought's tumultuous jar.

XIII.

How looks the Sháür wild and pale,
Amidst the pleasures of the vale !
No longer in his youthful face,
Hath cruel grief retained a trace
Of rosy youth ; that scarlet bloom
Is sadly changed to sorrow's gloom !
The light of love that cheered his life,
Where cares and sorrows once were rife,
Hath burst in lightning, as it were,
And rent his soul from joy for e'er,
And left it dark and seared, and bare,
The fit abode of grief and care !
Ah ! that the object which did fling
A radiance bright on life, should bring
Darkness and sorrow o'er the soul,
And there exert a sad controul !

XIV.

Once on an even ; by fancy led,
My footsteps in this wood I sped.
The sun had sunk ; but in the wild
His last, reluctant beam yet smiled,
Like lingering hope's departing light
At disappointment's murky night.
Dim darkness comes on from behind
Like doubt increasing in the mind
Of scepticism : the evening breeze
Is sighing through the waving trees.
And nature round a mournful look
Puts on, as if she could not brook
The brightest ruby snatched away
By evening from the brow of day.

XV.

But hark ! what strangest sounds I hear ?
What like sad sighs invade mine ear ?

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Is it the wind on shaggy hills ?
Is it the sound of purling rills ?
Is it the sound of fountains springing ?
Is it that tuneful birds are singing ?
No ; 'tis alas ! the Sháïr weeps
For her who ne'er to wake now sleeps.—
No, 'tis the sweetest nightingale
Who mourns his rosebud o'er,
The fairest of this blissful vale,
That ah ! is now no more !

XVI.

I marked the Sháïr as he stood
At distance in his woeful mood,
Where stands his bower, once seat of joy
Which was untainted with alloy.
But now no more ! its loveliness
Excited but his heart's distress !

In vain the beauties vied around,
 And Bulbuls sang in sweetest sound
 To please his mind and soothe his grief;
 Can aught but her give him relief?
 Can all the stars' united light
 Illume the darksome brow of night?
 Can aught the gloom dispel away
 Save the resplendent light of day?
 Nought on the earth or piteous heaven
 Can e'er unite the heart that's riven;—
 Nought but the only gem, the light
 Of life, can make it dear and bright.

XVII.

Then as afar him I beheld,
 My yielding heart began to melt
 In sympathy; I dare not meet
 His woeful visage him to greet.

I seemed as if the very smart
I deeply felt within my heart.

I paused awhile ; my heart throbbed high,
I failed—it drooped—I knew not why.

But when my reason came, I seemed
As if of evil I had dreamed.

When thus I heard the Sháïr vent
In faltering words his sad lament.

O ! many a tear he shed of woe,
And thus his words began to flow.

XVIII.

“ Armita ! ah ! where art thou gone ?

“ Leaving me lifeless, sad, and lone.

“ My star, my guiding light of life,

“ When it was dark with wordly strife.

“ Alas ! nought now remains of thee,

“ Save but the relic—memory !

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‘ The world is round me dark and drear ;
‘ By scorching grief my heart is sear ;
‘ And sad futurity appears
‘ A blank, a gloom, a thing of tears !

XIX.

‘ Why clings the heart like shade to light,
“ To one it deems the only spring,
“ To make existence sweet and bright,
“ And all its fondest joys to bring ?
“ Believing then that life would flow
“ Without a thought, without a woe,
“ But when the only dearest one
“ The light, the soul of being’s gone ;
“ What then remains ? a dreary life
“ Where pangs of woe and grief are rife.
“ Then how within the gloomy soul
“ The stream of woe doth blackly roll !

XX.

“ O Love ! O Love ! that thou shouldst be
“ So full of woe and misery,
“ Thou at whose altar prostrate falls
“ The heart, and whom it fondly calls
“ The only true delight by heaven
“ Unto this world of sorrow given.
“ Yes—thou art like a flowret rare,
“ Blooming in life all sweet and fair.
“ But like it thou’rt a fragile thing ;
“ And thorns of woe unto thee cling.
“ Oh ! hadst thou been a deathless flower
“ And thornless in our being’s bower,
“ How then our life would pass away
“ Without a thought,—but ever gay,

XXI.

“ O Love ! that such thy stern decree
“ Should be to those who cherish thee !

“ No ; thou art e'er a treacherous friend
 “ Who smiling com'st, but soon behind
 “ Leav'st deepest, keenest stings that tend
 “ To pain and agonize the mind.
 “ How, how could mortals deem thee, Love !
 “ Born of the God* supreme above.
 “ O ! could his essence pure give birth
 “ To thee the tyrant of the earth ? ”

XXII.

Alas the soul which grief has made
 Its lonely home and desolate !
 Alas ! that even in love a shade
 Should e'er be blent, ordained by fate !
 But even thus it is ;—the heart
 Is only happy by love's smart.

* Kamadeva or the Deity of Love was born of Mahadeva, sometimes reckoned the head of the Hindu Triad.

As the winding ivy cannot grow
But by entwining round a bough,
The tender heart, so clings to love
That gift from favouring heaven above.
Though tempests rave and thunders crash,
And vividly the lightnings flash ;
The plant heeds not ; till snatched away
'Tis by some hand more rude than they.
So life's a heavy load to bear
Bereft of all which makes it dear.

TO HENRY MEREDITH PARKER, Esq.

'Tis evening ; to the western heaven
His golden car the sun has driven,
And to the Ganges' waters bright
Weary directs his homeward flight.
Hail brightest ornament of day !
Resplendent gem of ruby ray !
How bright with many a glittering hue
As gold and purple, red and blue,
Yon flaming brow of heaven doth shine
By thy departing beams divine !
How bright beneath thy various beam
Wanders the sacred Ganges' stream

But lo ! beneath the waters now
 To rest from labour sinkest thou.
 Bereft of thee, so famed in lays,
 The lotos of the ancient days,
 Upon the holy wave, behold !
 Begins its petals now to fold.
 The pale hue of dejectedness
 Its drooping face doth now express !
 With darkness growing in the rear,
 Doth evening lorn of thee appear
 As if in widowhood despair
 A maiden comes with loosened hair !

Thus in the wood as closed the day,
 Did Hassan end his mournful lay.
 He sung how in his wild despair,
 Bidding adieu to life and woe,
 The bard himself had plunged ~~where~~
 The ocean's heaving billows flow.

He sung how envy, hate and scorn,
The world betrays to one forlorn ;
He sung how these had deeply marred
The tender heart-strings of the bard.
But he had borne them like the rock
Which stands against the billows' shock.
Or like the pine on mountain waves
And proudly every tempest braves.
Such was the bard whose life this tale
Hassan related in the vale,
With all that on the earth await
Pangs, woes, and cares on human fate ;
And finished his protracted lay
From morn to evening in one day.

THE SHAÏR.



CANTO III.

I.

'Tis midnight ; faint the dim moon shines,
And swiftly from her height declines.
See ! how she trembling looks below,
And tears of pity sheds, which show
Compassion on this sister sphere
For all our griefs and sorrows here.
The stars are not, or but a few
Are seen among their numerous crew.
They scarcely are distinct to sight,
And shed on earth their twinkling light ;
Like little handmaids who afar
Wait on the moon's pale, silver car.

II.

Awhile the Sháïr on them gazed,
 When all at once his memory blazed,
 Remembering those eyes more bright
 Than any star above ; .
 On which to gaze with fond delight
 He loved, and still must love !
 Whose want his heart more deeply felt
 Than even if Death his blow had dealt.
 And in this lonely mood, despair
 In tears no more could flow ;
 And in his bosom speechless care
 Was burning sure, though slow.
 But soon the care-worn Sháïr broke
 His silence and thus sighing spoke.

III.

“ O Memory ! canst thou not depart,
 “ When pangs asunder rend the heart ? .

“ When hope and joy have fled away,
 “ And love hath ceased to shed its ray.
 “ Why to my mind lov’st thou to cling,
 “ And thus with ever-deadly sting
 “ Poison the thought of pleasures past ?
 “ O ! can they not away be cast ?
 “ O ! can they not be left to rest
 “ For ever in oblivion’s breast ?
 “ But no ; thou art a treacherous foe,
 “ As fair in bliss, as dark in woe !

IV.

“ When first young love in youthful ears
 “ Whispers its joys, and when the soul
 “ Fondly hears them and fondly wears
 “ His chain and yields to his controul ;—

“ How thou dost then with utmost care
 “ Keep every word of love in store,
“ And give us pleasure sweet and rare,
 “ Endearing life and love the more.
“ But when that love like meteor's ray
 “ Too treacherously hath fled away,
“ Then, then thou wound'st the weary heart
 “ Relentless with thy fatal dart !

V.

“ Where art thou Death ? thou friend in grief
 “ To give the struggling soul relief.
“ O ! I can bear these pangs no more
 “ Which rend my heart and grieve it sore !
“ O ! if thou canst redeem the life
 “ With grief,—affliction,—sadness rife,
“ Who would not gladly wish to sleep
 “ Beneath thy sheltering arms, and steep

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“ For ever in forgetfulness
“ His cares, and sorrows, and distress !
“ To be deprived of life and breath
“ Is better far than living death !”

VI.

Alas ! that lofty genius' tongue
Should ever know so sad a strain !
Alas ! *that* breast should e'er be wrung
Which heaven inspired, with grief and pain !
How lamentable 'tis to hear
A heavenly spirit's dying lay ;
To hear him who could lull the care
Of others, sing his life away !
And sadder that he should expire
Even in his heart's beloved fire !
Ah ! that the rose which dews of Heaven
Have softly cherished, should be riven

By ruthless fiends of storm away,

And on the earth left to decay !

More grievous still to see it die

Even in the beam which blessed its birth,

To which its bosom blithesomely

In opening gave its sweetness forth !

VII.

Thus raving in his frantic mood

In this the deepest solitude,

The Sháïr wandered lone and cried,

In words which faltering early died.

His cheek was pale as it might be

Beneath the weight of misery.—

Pale as a downcast lily-flower

Reft of the moon, at morning's hour.

O ! all the teardrops now he pours

Appear as if in constant showers

His hopes are melting fast away
By sorrow's drear, volcanic ray.
Upon his lips is quivering woe,
And scarce his grief in words can flow.

VIII.

His forehead marked with lines of care,
Whereon his sadness wrote Despair.
Upon his pale, dejected face
The scars of grief you well might trace.
His heart was like a desert bare,
Darkened by nightly clouds of care,
Through which Despair like thunder crashed,
And lightning-like his memory flashed !
Serving by frequent gleams to show
How all his life was dark below !
O ! thus he roved as if he were
Grief's darkest shadow moving there !

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IX.

Weak human nature! why thy lot
Should thus be hapless formed of nought
But tears and sighs, and griefs and woes
That, like unpitying tyrant foes,
Or cruel vultures, rend the breast,
And glorying how they have oppressed,
Betray the bosom's dreariness
And all its pangs and wild distress.
Though hope may dart her cheering light,
'Tis but too like a star at night
When proud the tempest-fiends on high
Raving aloud obscure the sky.

X.

The night now past and morning's light
Comes growing on the dazzled sight.
The verdant hill, the opening flowers,
The grassy plain, the leafy bowers,

Burst on the view : and struck with fear
 The night retires with scattered rear,
 Through bush, and brake and shade away
 Before the beams the heavens display.
 And in the east the blazing sun
 His race of glory hath begun,
 Rejoicing as he stalks along
 The heaven's resplendent brow,
 To hear the various, welcome song
 The birds are raising now.

XI.

But can kind nature's charms impart
 One comfort to the Sháïr's heart ?
 And for a moment does his soul
 Not feel their soothing, sweet controul ?
 Ah ! what can please his anxious mind ?
 Where memory like tempestuous wind

Rages, and rouses all his breast
To thoughts of pleasures once possessed ?
Ah ! what can soothe the dismal thought
How all his hopes have come to nought ?
How when at morn on many a day
He strung his Vin, and sang his lay,
And hailed the breezes as they roved
With—now no more—the one he loved !—
How then his heart was wont to beat
In rapture, warmed with rapture's heat !
And dwelt on nature with delight
Which never might be his again ;
Alas ! those days which were so bright
Are closed in nights of grief and pain !

XII.

But lo ! in such despairing mood
The grief-worn Sháir goes,

To where the sea beyond the wood
 In heaving billows flows.
 He mounts the craggy rock beside
 The ocean's awe-inspiring tide.
 Upon it's lofty brow he stands
 With downcast look and clasped hands,
 And looks upon the sea beneath,
 Like wan Despair on friendly Death.
 But ere himself the Sháir flings
 Into the ocean's breast below,
 A sad and last farewell he sings
 To life and its unvaried woe !

XIII.

THE FAREWELL SONG.

Farewell my lovely native land !
 Where roses bloom in many a vale ;

Where green-clad hills majestic stand,
Where flowrets woo the scented gale ;
Where Surya from his throne above
With brightest colours paints the day ;
Where ripplets rise to clasp their love,
Th' eluding beams that o'er them play ;
Where when the queen of silent night
Graces the star-illumined hall,
How on the heart her dewy light
In streams o'erpowering still doth fall ;
Where mighty Ganga's billows flow
And wander many a country by ;
Where ocean smiles serene below,
Beneath thy blue and sunny sky.
Where many sacred rivers lave
Full many a wood or mountain green ;
Where pines and citrons towering wave
In rural grandeur—stately scene !

Land of the Gods and lofty name ;
 Land of the fair and beauty's spell ;
 Land of the bards of mighty fame ;
 My native land ! for e'er farewell !

XIV.

No sooner had the Sháïr sung
 His wildest, saddest lay,
 Than down himself he madly flung
 Into the nether bay.

A moment parts the sea ; and then
 For ever closes it again ;
 And as before the azure main
 Serenely wanders now again.
 But though the bard is now no more,
 And though his farewell song is o'er,
 Yet still its echoes sad but dear
 Seem ringing in my lonely ear.

At every rustling of the gale
 Methinks I hear a woeful wail ;
 And every faint, and distant sound
 Of bird or beast from wood or mead,
 Seemed as if fairest nature round
 Were mourning o'er the Sháïr dead !

XV.

Such was the Sháïr's end of life—
 A fairest flowret snatched away,
 And crushed in fate's relentless strife
 O doom severè !—in hapless day !
 That such a flowret reared by Heaven
 Should thus by cruel fate be riven !
 But worse than fate and all it's woes,
 Is the unpitying world, which shows
 To loftier spirits but disdain
 And hate and coldness—envy's train.

It will not brook a sister soul
Aiming to reach fair glory's goal.

XVI.

World! what a monster art thou born?
Thy breath is pride, thy brow is scorn;
Thine eyes all listless nought express
But cold regard or carelessness;
Thy heart is made of flint or steel,
Which does not, will not ever feel
But only for itself; and then
'Twill bow and crouch it's end to gain.
O! that this selfish love had never
Governed it's soul, and bid it ever
Be deaf to soft compassion's call,
Nor let a generous tear-drop fall!
O! that it's great delight had not
E'er been to damp a helpless lot!

O ! had it's arms been stretched to save
The helpless from misfortune's wave !
O ! that its breast might feel the blow
Of sympathy for other's woe !

XVII.

Ye mean, ye cruel ! why did ye
Wring the bard's heart relentlessly ?
Why did ye, could ye never bear
To see one genius thriving near ?
Why did ye o'er his soft heart play
And roughly sweep its chords away ?
O ! know ye not a poet's heart
Is too susceptive of a smart.
If but the heavens a little frown
It acts his exile heart upon ;
If once the sunny sky but smile
It cheers his throbbing heart the while ;

If but his eyes a flowret meet
 In colours glowing, fair, and sweet ;
 If but he see a beauteous flower
 Lie withering in a sunny bower ;
 His heart at once is moved to sadness,
 Or feels the raptured throb of gladness.

XVIII.

So tender is a poet's soul ;
 It cannot brook the world's controul.
 'Tis like the fragrant lotos white
 Expanding full to fancy's light ;
 And when 'tis stirred, awakened by
 Poetic inspiration high,
 It gives its sweets of poetry
 Out in his bard-like ecstacy.
 But when misfortune's dreary blast
 Comes o'er it sweepingly and fast,

It cannot bear its ruthless power—
 But ah ! the tender, sweetest flower
 Is pitilessly snapped away
 In sad forlornness to decay !

XIX.

As late at morn I walked beside
 The ocean's far-extending tide,
 The rock on which the Sháir sung
 His sad and last farewell ;
 And whence himself, he downward flung
 Into the ocean's swell—
 Mine eyes beheld ; and thence did flow
 The bitter tears of painful woe.
 And all the elements of life
 Seemed in the breast had roused a strife.
 Hate, grief, resentment, and disdain,
 In quick succession raged amain ;

And then my mind its griefs displayed
 Which thus in verse might be arrayed.

XX.

Sleep, sleep within² the lonely main,
 O ! rest in Heaven thy spirit free ;
 No more a care, or woe, or pain,
 The earth or fate can bring to thee.

The waves will guard thy gloomy sleep,
 No blast will strew thy dust away.
 Safe in the bosom of the deep
 Let ever rest thy hallowed clay.

Though man for thee a tear shed not,
 Yet heavens in tears thy fate relent ;
 Though man for thee a sigh forgot,
 Yet sighing winds o'er thee lament.

Though there be not a kinsman nigh
Whose breast might throb with sorrow's swell ;
Yet ocean's breast is rising high,
Yet there's a friend who feels the spell.

When minstrelsy the soul inspires,
And pleasure heaves it high and oft ;
When burneth love with all its fires,
And charmeth music sweet and soft ;

When song will waken ecstasy,
And in the soul its transports pour,
The raptured thought shall turn to thee,
And sickening memory thee restore.

Remembrance young shall haunt the breast
Full oft to see thee in its core ;
Though thou repose in lasting rest,
To me, canst thou be e'er no more.

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XXI.

Here ends my long and mournful tale
Of him who lived beside that vale.

There see his Vin is hanging by
The mountain's lonely brow ;
And, Time and Air as o'er it fly,
Is sadly mouldering now.
And O ! perchance its tuneful strain
May ne'er by man be waked again.—
Perchance its rapture-thrilling wire
Will never more the heart inspire.
The envious ivy's ringlets twine
Around the Vin of note divine.
The worm has formed his little cell
Where tuneful sweetness loved to dwell !

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

THE HERO'S REWARD.

THE following poem was written after having perused Dr. Wilson's translation of the "VIKRAM URVASI, or the Hero and Nymph." The only incident related in the poem, is the union of *Pururavas* the king, with *Urvasi* the fairest of celestial courtesans; but the manner in which it is treated here, entirely differs from that in the drama, as will be evident to the reader. It may be necessary, however, to premise that the poem is written rather too much in the spirit of Hindu poetry.

GREAT Surya¹ smiles with lustre gay,
And flings through azure skies his ray.
The golden mountain's glittering brow²
Is decked with many a sparkling gem,
Which shine by Surya's brightness now
As if a halo circled them ;
And on the mount beneath his beam
The King of Swerga's garden³ smiles,
In which by many a gurgling stream
The God his time in pleasure whiles.

Here Vayu⁴ through the charming wood
For ever creeps in gentlest mood ;
Now o'er the bowing grass he goes,
Now stirs the fragrance of the rose ;
Here many a flower of lovely hue,
 Famed in the lore of former time,
Blooms glittering with the diamond dew
 And sweetening the heavenly clime.
Young roses through the passing breeze,
To taste their sweets invite the bees ;
Here fountains round the heavenly bowers,
Perpetual fall, and glittering showers
Of diamonds, pearls, and stars descend,
And sweet celestial music lend,
Unto the ears of mortals blessed⁵
For pious deeds with heavenly rest.
The garden edge is compassed round
With trees, with lasting verdure crowned.

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And in the garden's centre stands,
A palace built by heavenly hands.
With sapphires decked the golden walls
Of Satakratu's⁶ courtly halls,
Reflecting fling their beauteous light,
And glisten round all fair and bright.
The snow-white pavements made have been
Of chrysolites of brightest sheen,
Where sweetest flowers of lovely hue
Are strewed upon with drops of dew.
The outer wall is smoothed all o'er
With rubies glittering more and more ;
And through the garden's trees appears
Like morning's light in winter sky,
Ere the resplendent Surya rears
His glorious face of light on high ;
As if in floods of ruby light,
The Court is bathed and made so bright.

But lo ! a throng afar appears
Like vanished joys of former years ;
So indistinct that scarce the eye
Its faint progression can descry.
As when at morning's dubious light
A star or two appears at sight ;
And now beheld, and no more,
They glimmer in the growing shine,
So like a mass of dim light o'er
The garden, move the Gods divine ;
And 'midst them those who greater are,
Shine like so many stars afar—
Now, more and more advance they nigh
With breasts erect and statures high ;
With steps majestically slow—
With looks cast on the ground below.
Before them Indra⁷ dignified
With royal mien and royal pride,

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Proceeds.—Th' immortals go to where
The Court is shining bright and fair.

They reach the palace of the God
Who mighty sways the heavenly rod ;
The gates and doors themselves unfold—
On thrones of fine celestial mould,
With sapphires, gold, and diamonds crowned,
The Gods are seated all around.

Their sovereign, Indra shining bright
As midst the stars the orb of night ;
Their necks are decked with wreaths of flowers,
Culled from the greenest, sweetest bowers.

Within his grasp the King of Heaven
Bears thunderbolts, with which were driven
In time of yore the demons fell
Down to the lowest pit of Hell.
By him in every youthful pride
Fair Sachi³ sat his beauteous bride.

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Her form was delicate and fair
As moonbeams through th' autumnal air.
Her lips were lighted with a smile,
Which Indra's heart did once beguile.

While thus the Gods are seated round,
The songsters raised their choral sound ;
So sweet, so soft the silver voice
That it could bid despair rejoice.
The Gandharbas⁹ begin to play
And heavenly music breathes her notes,
So sweet as when at break of day,
In air the note of cuckoo floats.
With many a gay attire bedight,
With nimble foot and tripping light,
The Apsaras¹⁰ begin to dance
As o'er a stream the moonbeams glance
And all around doth rather seem,
A blissful, fleeting, morning dream.

THE SONG OF THE KINNARAS.¹¹

Lord of the Gods ! whose powerful might
 Laid many a haughty demon low,¹²
 Who madly dared defy thy right,
 And felt thy thunder's fatal blow.

Lord of the deities ! through whose dread
 Namuchi¹³ proud himself did hide
 In Surya's beams ; yet still his head
 Thy thunder pierced and burned his pride.

Lord of the thunderbolt ! whose sway
 Extends from heaven to deepest hell ;
 Whom all the saints adoring pray,
 With folded palms and mystic spell.

Lord of the Gods ! propitious king !
 Who bidst the showers descend on earth,
 To make it fruitful in the spring,
 And give to all our comforts birth.

Lord of the mighty Gods ! to thee
 Arise the sacrificial fires,¹⁴
 Lord of the regions numbered three!¹⁵
 Who grant'st and crownest all desires.

 Lord of the Gods ! whose powerful might
 Laid many a haughty demon low,
 Who madly dared defy thy right,
 And felt thy thunder's fatal blow.

 But hark ! what roaring noise is near ?
 What thundering sounds invade the ear ?
 Is it the sound of falling thunder
 Bursting from meeting clouds asunder ?
 Is it that hostile clouds as foes
 With dangerous evils fraught oppose ?
 Is it to battle armies rushing ?
 Is it a mighty deluge gushing ?
 Is it that loftiest mountains hurled
 By demons to destroy the world ?

Is it a whirlwind fiercely raving
 And in its way the forests braving ?
 Is it the mountains hurling pour
 Their waters in a whelming shower ?
 No ; tis the roaring sound afar
 Of mighty Pururava's¹⁶ car,

 Pururava—whose powerful sway,
 The farthest bounds of earth obey ;
 Who while returning from the sun
 Saw the fair daughters¹⁷ of the sky,
 Crying for help, in terror run
 Upon the golden mountain high ;
 Because their sisters fair and gay,
 Had been by Kesi¹⁸ borne away.
 Which moved the king, and he endued
 With more than mortal power, pursued
 Swift in his car the demon fell,
 “ Ho ” said the king, “ thou fiend of Hell

“ Give up the nymphs or feel the blow

“ This arm can deal, thou cruel foe !

“ This arrow swift, acute and strong,

“ Will end thy pride and life ere long.”

And instant he the arrow cast

Which hissed away like stormy blast

And struck the demon.—Fired with wrath,

He stopped and turned him from his path,

And met the monarch in a mood,

Grim as the furious lord of wood,

Dark as a heavy frowning cloud

And heaving like a tempest loud.

Now front to front the warlike foes

Each other dauntlessly oppose.

Their hissing darts in vollies fly,

And shroud at times the sunny sky.

Their broad swords flash like lightnings bright—

And warmer grows the sanguine fight,

Their axes fall with thundering sound
Whose echoes in the vales rebound.
But soon these arms in pieces fell,
And was unmoved the fiend of Hell.

But soon again their shells¹⁹ they blew
The forest beasts in terror flew—
Their banners both on high unfurled,
And rocks on rocks in fragments hurled,
Which striking full against their ears
In glittering pieces fell like showers
Of planets, meteors, moons, and stars,
Descending to this world of ours :
Until the monarch flung a dart²⁰
Flying like a comet swift and bright,
Which pierced the demon's reckless heart,
And closed his life and closed the fight.

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Thus was the fairy nymph of heaven
Released and to her sisters given.

This warlike feat, this deed of fame,

Resounds through every sphere;²¹
And glorious Pururava's name

The gods and men and fiends revere ;
With which²² the Lord of Heaven delighted,
The king hath to his court invited.

Now from his car the king descends,
On either side borne by two friends.

His aspect manly is and bold,
His head shines with a crown of gold,
His dauntless brows and stature high
Proclaim his aweful majesty ;
His limbs proportioned, strong, and bright
In armour of resplendent light.
His better hand doth hold two spears,
A mighty bow the other bears.

A large and unexhausted quiver
Of arrows sure and deadly ever,
Behind his shoulder broad is flung ;
Upon his back a shield is hung.
A sash is bound around his waist
In which a scimitar is braced.
And as the king of valiant deeds,
To Indra King of Heaven proceeds,
The powerful Gods and saints arise,
And even the sovereign of the skies,
To greet the son of Surya²³ bright,
And Chandra radiant orb of night ;
And thus the saints their blessings pour,
Upon him as they rain a shower
Of beautiful and fragrant flowers
Culled from celestial Indra's bowers.

FIRST CHORUS OF SAINTS.

Long may the king whose fame resounds
 From Heaven to Hell's remotest bounds,
 Enjoy the blessings of his sway,
 Chasing the demons fell away.

Long may the Gods propitious bless
 Thy glorious reign with happiness,
 And may the authors²⁴ of thy line,
 On thee propitious ever shine.

Long may the glorious Lakshmi²⁵ be
 Bound by thy actions kind to thee,
 And scatter with her lavish hand
 Her bounteous favours on thy land.

Long may the God whose sceptre's sway,
 The Gods and saints of Heaven obey ;
 Protect thy mighty, sinless soul
 From every earthly woes¹ controul.

Scarce hath the chorus ceased to pour
 Their benediction on the king,
 Scarce hath they ceased to rain a shower
 Of flowers that sweetest fragrance fling,
 Another raise their voices sweet,
 The lord of men to bless and greet.

SECOND CHORUS OF SAINTS.

Son of the glorious Surya bright !
 Son of the radiant gem of night !
 Son of the sage²⁶ whose hallowed name,
 Inspires us with devotion's flame !

King of the actions never done !—
 King of the glories never won
 By any king by deeds of fame,
 To consecrate his glorious name.

94

May happiness thee e'er attend,
May far and wide thy sway extend ;
May cares from thee be e'er away,
And demons dread thy power for aye.

May'st thou from sin be ever pure,
May Brahmans live²⁷ in rest secure;
May people peace and health enjoy,
In thy domains without annoy.

Unto these saints great Virtue's friends,
His head the monarch lowly bends ;
In modesty is bent his brow,
His awful mien is softened now ;
His face is blushing and a smile,
Suppressed half lights his lips the while ;
His eyes with joy are sparkling bright,
His simple heart with joy is light ;

To know his deeds applauded by
 The deathless beings of the sky.
 And praise is what the bold attain,
 Enduring war's fatigue and pain ;
 The warrior but for sake of fame,
 A bubble and an empty name,
 Is ready to resign his breath,
 And press with joy the bed of death.

High on a throne of ruby then
 Conspicuous sits the Lord of men.
 As in the morning's ruddy light,
 Is throned the glorious Surya bright.
 The gems upon his crown combine
 Their hues and like a halo shine.
 With wreaths of never-fading flowers
 Which bloom but in celestial bowers,
 The *Rishis*²⁸ of the firmament,
 The monarch of the world present.

The rites²⁹ are done : the powerful God
 Who ~~sits~~ in Heaven the kingly rod,
 Directs that song and dance again,
 Be well begun to entertain
 The mighty King. The singing band
 Resumed their song at this command.
 On golden lutes the Gandharbas
 Played sweetly, and the Apsaras
 Begin to dance and flit around
 To heavenly music's silver sound.

After a while, the Sovereign high,
 Great Indra of the starry sky,
 Spoke to the King; “ thy deed of worth
 “ Which ne'er has yet been done on earth,
 “ The death of Kesi, by thy hand
 “ Gives glory to thy native land. .
 “ Thy matchless valour, strength and power,
 “ Exalt indeed thy natal hour ;

“ Though in the dome of fame there shine
“ Chivalry’s sons³⁰ like many a star ;
“ Yet by this mighty deed of thine
“ Thou art Great Prince ! the moon of war.
“ Intrepid monarch ! on thy name
“ Shall ever wait eternal fame.
“ The fiends in fear shall ever quake,
“ Thy glorious name to hear or take.
“ Nay, men below and Gods above,
“ And saints who only virtue love,
“ Will e’er pronounce thy name and hear,
“ With proper reverential fear.
“ Thou hast not only raised thy line,
“ By this unequalled deed of thine,
“ But done—we may not see again—
“ A service to the Gods and men,
“ Which with this nymph the Gods repay,
“ This nymph of heaven all fair and gay.

“ ’Tis fit that as thou hast restored
 “ Her to the brilliant Gods³¹ adored ;
 “ ’Tis fit that as thou cherish love,
 “ For this the fairest nymph above³² ;
 “ Her bright unrivalled charms will bless
 “ Thy glorious life with happiness ;
 “ Thy love returned, thy glory crowned
 “ With love’s delicious bliss profound,
 “ On many a lute may many a bard
 “ In future sing this fit reward.”

Thus saying mighty Indra ceased,
 And all the host of heaven were pleased.
 He took the nymph by hand and gave
 To glorious Surya’s offspring brave ;
 Delightful hour ! how it is sweet,
 At last with her we love to meet.
 Thus hand in hand as heart to heart,
 Without a fear, a doubt to part.

O ! since the fiend's death by his hand,
 The King enamoured of the fair
 Had roamed distracted in his land
 And wept and sighed in madness there.
 And now that Indra's friendship paid
 His service with the heavenly maid,
 O ! how his heart on pleasure's tide
 Was floating high with loves' own pride !
 His speaking eyeballs shed delight,
 He blushed, and all his hopes were bright;
 The future seemed to him to rise
 In all the pomp of fancy's dyes,
 A rainbow which will ever beam
 Upon his love's transparent stream ;
 And when the sovereign God had given
 The nymph the fairest flower of Heaven,
 The songsters thus did sweetly sing
 As with the nymph uprose the King.

100

SONG.

Joy to the King of the sun's noble line

And glory to valour's success,

Winning the love of the lady divine,

Whose charms all the deities bless³³.

O ! true is she fair in whom graces combine,

Then joy to the King of the sun's noble line.

Love is the meed that should ever repay

The triumph of chivalry's son,

But where is the lady so lovely and gay

As she whom the monarch hath won.

O ! true is she fair in whom graces combine,

Then joy to the King of the sun's noble line.

See ! as the monarch departs from the place,

Successful in love as in war,

How doth his side the all-beautiful grace ?

As the moon is adorned by the star.³⁴

101

O! true is she fair in whom graces combine,
Then joy to the King of the sun's noble line.

Long may the monarch be blessed with the fair,
And enjoy the sweet blessings of love;
Bright be his life like the bright sunny glare,
Or the life which the gods pass above.

Fair, fair is the nymph in whom graces combine,
Joy, joy to the King of the sun's noble line.

Now with the nymph the son of war,
Ascends and homeward drives his car.
The sound of trumpets, drums, and shells,
The atmosphere commingling swells,
And shouts denoting joy arise,
And echo in the upper skies.
The royal chariot rolls away,
Swifter than wind, or human thought
And soon in Prayág's palace³⁵ they
The hero and the nymph were brought.

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O! like a calm and sunny stream,
Or like a blissful morning dream,
Or like a day at coming spring,
Or like an evening June doth bring,
Their life was bright as e'er it be,
In love's delirious ecstacy.
And Oh! the sweet delight which love
Gives to the Gods in heaven above,
Were stale and nothing when compared
With that they mutually shared.

June 1829.

NOTES.

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NOTES TO THE HERO'S REWARD.

1. *Great Surya smiles with lustre gay.*

Surya is the Sun.

2. *The golden mountain's glittering brow.*

The Meru mountain is supposed to be the residence of Indra, the Deity of heaven.

3. *The King of Swarga's garden smiles.*

The Nandana garden, situated on a peak of the Meru mountain, is the place where the sovereign God Indra sports at pleasure.

4. *Here Vayu through the charming wood.*

Vayu is the God of wind, like the Aeolus of the Greeks.

5. *Unto the ears of mortals blessed,
For pious deeds with heavenly rest.*

Those persons who have performed meritorious acts, go up to Heaven after death, and enjoy the pleasures of the Gods, which consist of the songs of the Kinnaras, the music of the Gandharbas, the sweet notes of celestial birds, the murmuring melody of crystal fountains, &c. all which constantly resound in the heavenly regions without intermission, and appearing tedious.

6. *Of Satakratu's courtly halls.*

Satakratu is a name of Indra, for having performed one hundred Aswamedha sacrifices, before he received the high dignity of the God of the Gods.

7. *Before them Indra dignified
With royal mien and royal pride.*

Indra is the sovereign ruler of the upper region, like the Grecian Jupiter.

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8. *By him in ever youthful pride,
Fair Sachi sat his beauteous pride.*

Sachi is the wife of Indra, and the Queen of the firmament. By virtue of a boon given to her by Narada the great celestial saint at the time of her union with Indra, she never loses her youthfulness and beauty, however old she may be in years.

9. *The Gandharbas begin to play.*

They are the musicians of Heaven, and the male attendants in the Courts of Siva, Kuvera, and Indra.

10. *The Apsaras begin to dance.*

They are the courtesans of Heaven.

11. *The song of the Kinnaras.*

They are the songsters of Heaven, having heads like those of horses, and bodies like those of men.

12. *Lord of the Gods, whose powerful might
Laid many a haughty demon low.*

In former times the throne of Indra was often endangered by demons, whom he could subdue but with great difficulty; at one time Tûrakâ conquered the upper region, and the defeated Gods were obliged to fly away to Brahma for protection. The demons were the brothers of the Gods, and the sons of Diti by the patriarchal saint Kasyapa, the will-born son of Brahma.

13. *Lord of the deities, through whose dread
Namuchi proud, himself did hide
In Surya's beams.*

Namuchi was a demon, who warred with Indra, but was afterwards obliged to fly away and conceal himself in a beam of the Sun; nevertheless, he was finally killed by the God, by means of his thunder.

14. *Lord of the mighty Gods, to thee
Arise the sacrificial fires.*

The fires of a sacrifice are consecrated to Indra, who receives the principal share of it.

15. *Lord of the regions, numbered three,
Who grant'st and crownest all desires.*

Indra is the ruler of Heaven, the Earth, and Hell, or the upper, the middle, and the lower spheres of Hindu Cosmogony. Any man who performs meritorious acts with any view, is rewarded by Indra, with the objects of his desire, according to the fruit of those acts.

16. *Of mighty Pururava's car.*

Pururava was a great kingly saint, the son of Budha and Ila.

17. *Saw the fair daughters of the sky,
Crying for help in terror run.*

While the king Pururava was returning from the Sun, he saw in his way on the Himalaya mountains the Apsaras or heavenly nymphs in great confusion, and crying for assistance.

18. *Because their sisters fair and gay,
Had been by Kesi borne away.*

Pururava asking the nymphs the cause of their terror was answered that two of them by name Urvasi and Chitrlekha had as they were returning from the Court of Kuvera, lord of riches, been forcibly carried away by Kesi, a demon of great power.—See Dr. Wilson's translation of *Vikrama and Urvashi*, page 17.

19. *But soon again their shells they blew.*

The blowing of conch shells previous to an engagement, as the announcement was done invariably by the Hindu warriors of ancient days of whatever description or rank they might be.

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20. *Until the monarch flung a dart.*

“The King attacked the demon and destroyed him with the shaft of Vayu (or a dart which was sacred to the God of the wind) by which he not only rescued the nymphs, but established Indra on his throne which the demon had endangered.”—*Vikrama and Urvasi* page 11.

21. *This warlike feat, this deed of fame,
Resounds through every sphere.*

The upper, the middle, and the lower spheres or heaven, earth, and hell.

22. *With which the Lord of Heaven delighted,
The King hath to his court invited.*

Indra being informed of this great piece of service which Pururava had done him by killing the demon Kesi, was highly pleased with the monarch, and sent Chitralekha the prince of the *Gandharbas*, and one of his male attendants to invite the King to his Court.—*Vide Dr. Wilson's translation of Vikrama and Urvashi*, page 23.

23. *To greet the son of Surya bright,
And Chandra radiant orb of night.*

The genealogy of King Pururava is thus given. “Pururava was a king of high descent, being sprung by his mother Ila, from the Sun (Surya) and his father Budha, from the moon (Chandra), being the grandson of the latter and the great-grandson of the former.”—*Vide, Ibid*, page 16.

24. *And may the authors of thy line
On thee propitious ever shine.*

The sun and the moon. See the above.

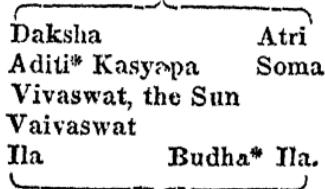
25. *Long may the glorious Lakshmi be
Bound by thy actions kind to thee.*

Lakshmi is the Goddess of prosperity, wealth and power.

26. *Son of the sage whose hallowed name.*

The origin of Pururava may be at once thus described from the *Vikrama and Urvashi*, page 16.

Brahma



Pururava.

Thus Pururava is by his mother's side the son of Ila, the daughter of Vaivaswat, the son of the Sun, the son of Aditi the daughter of Daksha who was married to Kasyapa the sage and will-born son of Brahma. Or taking him by his father's side, Pururava is the son of Budha, the son of Soma the Moon, the son of Atri the sage, and will-born son of Brahma.

27. *May Brahmins live in rest secure.*

The safety of the Brahmins is enjoined as the principal duty of the Kshetriya or military class of the Hindus, who were their kings.

28. *The Rishis of the firmament.*

The *Rishis* are the saints of whom there are three classes, viz. the heavenly, the Bramanical and the kingly.

29. *The rites are done.*

At the reception of a guest, a few ceremonies conformable to the rules of hospitality as laid down in the *Sastras* should be observed towards him by his host.

30. *Though in the dome of fame there shine
Chivalry's sons like many a star,*

Pururava, like every other King of the ancient days of India, was a Kshetriya, or one of the military class.

31. *Her to the brilliant gods adored.*

The gods have no corporeal bodies, but are forms of light and glory.

32. *'Tis fit that as thou cherish love,
For this the fairest nymph above.*

After Urvasi had been released from the demon, her supernatural charms deeply wounded the heart of her redeemer the King Pururava.

33. *Winning the love of the Lady divine,
Whose charms all the Deities bless.*

Urvasi is the fairest of the nymphs of Heaven, and consequently her company is the great delight of, and much valued by the immortals of every rank.

34. *As the moon is adorned by the star.*

This is a common simile with the Hindu poets. Thus in the *Vikrama and Urvasi*, page 21, Rambha seeing Pururava at a distance advancing with Urvasi and Chitalekha observes,

Attended by each brilliant star,
Like Chandra in his radiant car.

35. *And soon in Prayag's palace they
The hero and the nymph were brought.*

Prayag, or as it is sometimes called Pratishthana, was the capital city of Pururava. It "is described as at the confluence of the Yamuna (Jumna) and Ganges on the bank of the latter."—*Vikrama and Urvasi*, page 25.

THE HAUNT OF THE MUSE.

Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss.

Pleasures of Imagination.

Where boundless ocean rolls his waves,
Not in his usual frantic mood
When wild and restlessly he raves ;
But like a river in a wood,
Whose music sweet delights the ear,
Which simple shepherds love to hear ;
There is an island of the blest,
Where fancy's children love to rest.
It forms a circle, where his rays
The sun, in mildness e'er displays,
And circled by cerulean waves,
O'er which no angry tempest raves,
The bright and beauteous isle appears
As when the Moon her visage rears,

And shines in autumn skies serene,
Through broken clouds, in silver sheen.
But when the isle at distance due
Is viewed amid the waters blue :
It seems as if it were the star
Bright Sirius shining from afar.

The sea-shores of this island bright
Are decked with shells of sparkling light.
Some gleam with many a lovely hue,
As gold and purple, green and blue ;
While others shine with silvery ray,
Which brighten more the rosy day.
Like largest stars of brilliant sheen,
Upon the shores they strewed have been.

So thick these various sea-shells lie .
Upon the sea-shores glittering high,
So brightly do their colours smile,
Forming a halo round the isle ;

As if an Angel's liberal hand
Had scattered Paphian gems like sand,
Heedless how much would be their worth
Among the polished sons of earth.

And o'er them in their sweet, wild tone,
The restless waves are gliding on,
To clasp their e'er eluding love
The solar beams that play above;
Which failing heave the waters by
A lover's deep, heart-rending sigh;
And kiss the sea-shells bright and fair,
To see their love is sparkling there :

And then as if in ecstacy,
The waves awake their minstrelsy,
Whose echoes through the shores rebound,
Sweeter than earthly music's sound.

As if the Seraphs rapt with fire,
Have waked their harpings in a choir.

Here various Nature kinder smiles
In this the loveliest of all isles,

112

Than once she did when young was time,
In Eden's lost, lamented clime.
Each season mildly rolls away,
Like ripples on a summer day.
Perpetual spring, let others feign,
Brought bliss in Saturn's golden reign.
For how could spring be sweetest called,
Had winter's chillness not appalled ?
But no extreme the seasons know,
On Time's swift wings here mild they flow,
And bring forth sweet and lovely flowers,
To gem the island's garden bowers.
Anemones, and jasmines spring,
And roses blush as Bulbuls sing,
And seem bedecked with pearls of dew,
Like tears on beauty's cheeks to view.
The blooming tendrils of the vine
Rise gracefully in many a twine,
Like smiling loves in wantonness
Each other clasping to express

Their mutual fondness ; in the isle
The green and lofty harvests smile.
The ears like tufts of golden lace
Wave as on velvet sofa's face.
The lofty mountains to the skies
In all their rural pomp arise.
Some white as winter's hoary snow,
Whose sides with gold resplendent glow,
Like distant clouds in July's days,
Gilt by the Sun's departing rays :
And others clad in silken heath,
Where whispering breezes softly breathe ;
And pines, and firs, and cedars grave,
On high their towering branches wave.
The fragrant flowers their sweetness fling,
And tuneful birds melodious sing.
Below, beneath the solar beams,
In gurgling music glide the streams,

114

Which wandering many a vale divide,
Or pass by many a meadow's side.

So fair, so lovely is this spot,
That grief or woe is all forgot ;
As if in playful mood of mind,
This island nature has designed
With every grace of her's to dress,
And reign in all her loveliness,
As if her beauties she has given
To make this isle an earthly heaven.

July 6, 1829.

THE LOVER'S LIFE.

Free as the air which sports upon a hill,
 Or like the bird which cleaves the ethereal way
 On wings of joy ; in boyhood's days I was,
 To mark the rising of the glorious sun—
 To mark the rushing of the mountain stream,
 Like madness bursting out in wild despair—
 To mark at evening how the Lord of day,
In Ganga laves his burning brow of light—
 To mark the Heavens tinged with various hues,
 Sparkling in brightness, like the dawning beams
 Of hope in fancy's boundless sky : and when
 The night comes on, to mark the jewelled heavens
 In wonder mute, with rapture-lightened eyes
 To gaze in silence on the glittering stars,
 Bright like a beauteous maiden's eyes in love—
 To mark the sailing of the silver bark,
 As if an angel destined for his home
 Passing and shedding o'er this world of strife

His sympathetic and reviving tears ;
 While Bulbuls pour their sweetly mournful lays,
 And breezes fling the fragrance of the vales.—
 To mark all these was once my only joy ;
 No thought or care disturbed my boyhood gay—
 Like rainbows were my days, so bright, so fleet ;
 For time to pleasure seems but swiftly gone.
 I sweetly whiled my days o'er mountains of the
 wild

Or sat in silent admiration in rich vales,
 Or loitered on the elder green of fields.
 I felt these charms of nature, and my breast
 Thrilled with the warmth of rapture's touch.
 I roved

Wherever nature spread her beauties wild,
 Far from the busy haunts of men, and home,
 Even like a gaily fluttering butterfly
 Flitting from field to field, from flower to flower.
 But when in riper years I came, I felt

That mighty flame which poets laud as love,
And is they say in this bleak world of ours
A greatest boom from heaven, as if it were
A thing of sunshine, or a thing of flowers.
I felt the fire of love, and deeply felt,
And down before his shrine myself I bowed
In willing adoration :—O ! this shrine
Was woman, formed of beauty's potent charms,
And she, whom Love his medium made to draw
My soul to his omnipotent controul,
Sat throned in me, the empress of my heart
Amidst a young and glittering train of hopes
And joys most dear. Her eyes were bright like
 gems
Which, with their glances of magnetic power
My heart attracted : like the moonbeams soft
Her form was delicate ; as if she were
Like loveliness's self in mortal dress.

Like turtle doves so famed in poet's lays,
We loved each other fondly, and were happy ;
But happy how, is more than words can tell ;
'Tis only known in love's delirium. Bliss !
If thou be on the earth 'tis there thou art.
My heart was her's, and I could happy be
Only beneath her eye's enchantment soft.
O woman ! woman ! what resistless power
Thou art possessed of, o'er the heart of man.
Although this world is full of cares and woes,
Thy sunny smile at once can chase away
The darkness of the soul like morning's beams.
Thy speaking eyes when sparkling o'er our gaze
Roll in their glancing, shed a rosy light,
Which darting in the core, expands the soul,
As Surya's beams unfold the lotos flower.
Love is a rose, but woman ! thou the gale
To fling it's sweetness in the bower of life.

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Thus blessed with happiness we lived and loved,

But what is there perpetual on the earth ?

Even sorrow's self oft yields to gleams of joy,
Like sun-beams breaking in a cloudy day.

The light of happiness which cheered my life
Intensely shone, but its intensity

Was like the meteor's, which when burns most bright,

Forebodes it's fall, and then it drops on earth.

So falling down that light was extinguished.

But what the reason is, I dare not tell,

My heart begins to fail ; the happy past

Armed with its every thought, and joy and hope

Assails my feeble breast, by memory's aid.

And here I pause.

July 15, 1829.

HOPE.

I

Fond Hope! I see thy animating star,
That dazzling, glimmering now with various light
Shines forth and cheers with flattering rays afar,
Much sweeter than the beams of morning bright,
Which with resplendent gold the clouds bedight,
And sweeter than the spring's new budding-
flowers,
That with rich fragrance every sense delight,
Or cuckoo's tuneful notes from shady bowers,
That sweetly wake the year to young and blissful
hours.

II.

When deepest pangs assail the human heart,
And take each thought of happiness away,
'Tis thou delightful Hope! who heal'st the smart
And by thy powerful fancy-forming ray,

Diffusest on the soul a cheerful day ;
 That, pouring vigour through each fainting vein,
 Dispels the gloom of grief with bright display
 Of glories to the rising heart, a train
 Of glowing meteors—bright—but Oh ! how fleet-
 ing—vain.

III

Yes, as the suns, and lightnings rolling bright,
 At times in chill and desolate Zembla's air,
 The waste below gild with their transient light,
 So art thou Hope ! so passing, bright and fair,
 And oft thou gildest with thy dazzling glare
 The cheerless, dreary waste of life ; and yet
 O Hope ! without thy soothing beams, what
 were

This earth, so full of pangs, cares and regret—
 Those restless fiends by whom is happiness beset.

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IV.

Thou art the cheerer of all mortal life,
Thy lovely visage ever promising,
In this dark world of discord and of strife,
Emboldens every mind to mount on wing
Of wild and many-hued imagining ;
When as she soars all hearts can fancy fill
With visions every moment brightening,
And though deceived by thee, the future still
Speaks promise of delight without the fear of ill.

V.

How would despair exult with visage wan,
And what a heavy load affliction be,
How soon would be consumed the race of man,
Their great support, thou Hope ! deprived of thee !
Whose hallowed presence beams felicity,
And makes futurity's dim mist appear
Bright as a cloud by solar radiancy,

When night has left the world with many a tear,
And day's resplendent light is swiftly coming near.

VI.

Companion of the last departing breath !
Main spring of worthy actions in mankind !
Without thee Hope ! the never-fading wreath
By the fair tuneful sisters nine entwined,
Would few upon their brows attempt to bind ;
And few the mighty deeds renowned by fame,
In arms or acts, great, noble, pious, kind,
Would make the history of men of name,
To keep the breast alive with virtue's purest flame.

VII.

Then o'er my soul roll on thy visions bright,
Fair Hope ! I love thy sweet, enlivening beams ;
Come, pour within the core thy various light,
And let me e'er enjoy thy blissful dreams,

124

To me thy promise-making whisper seems
In spite of what the sophister may say,
Moresweet than music or the murmuring streams,
O ! who is there who would not thee obey ?
From this bleak earth to heaven extends thy cheering sway.

October, 1827.

TRANSLATION OF A BENGALLEE DISTICH.

O ! look on me, Love ! once again,
And then will end my grief and pain ;
As I have heard men often tell
That poison's force doth poison quell.

October 28, 1829.

THE
HINDU FESTIVALS.

HINDU FESTIVALS.

No. I.—DASAHARÁ;

Or *Gangá Puja*, a festival in commemoration of the descent of GANGÁ the river, upon the earth.

I.

Glorious river! thee of yore
Siva on his tresses bore,
When thou didst thy rapid flow
Take unto this world below,
From the peak of Himmalay,
Where thy lucid waters stray,
Dispensing to the gods above
Purity and holy love.

II.

Propitious river! by thy grace
Royal Sagar's numerous race,
Though burned to ashes by the fire
Of the saintly sage's ire,

126

Enjoyed the bright, unchanging hours,
Smiling round the emerald bowers,
And bringing in the heavenly sphere
Joys which only circle there.

III.

Holy stream ! thou dost bestow
Freedom from each earthly woe,
Destroying all the sins that be
Pertaining to humanity,
And ensure at being's close,
Sweet and undisturbed repose.
Nay even the deities love to lave
Their forms of glory in thy wave.

IV.

Lovely river ! on thy stream
Glistens bright the solar beam,
When the sun to western heaven
His car of golden flames has driven,

And the twilight's growing shade
 Like a grief o'er-mastered maid,
 Onward approaches slow and sad,
 And in her sable mantle clad.

V.

Beauteous river ! on thy spray
 The lotos famed in ancient lay—
 Whose chaplets and whose odours sweet,
 Goddess ! to the are offerings meet—
 In gladness doth its leaves unfold
 Full to the morning's beam of gold,
 As if inspired with the love
 Of the majestic sun above.

VI.

Dreadful river ! in thy waves
 His length the alligator laves,
 And sharks and sea-hogs round him play,
 Glad with the hope of human prey.

128

When summer with the hot sun crowned,
Showers her dazzling splendor round,
And brings forth in our Indian bowers
Refulgent days and lovely flowers.

July 4, 1830.

No. II.—RÁS YÁTRÁ;

Or a festival in commemoration of one of the many gambols of
KRISHNA, the Indian Apollo, with the milk-women.

I.

Young, beauteous maids are lightly dancing,
Their eyes like little carps are glancing,
Like puny lightnings those glances flash;
Like echoes through lone vallies ringing,
Of dulcet voices sweetly singing,
As onward they move their trinkets clash.

129

II.

Hark ! they strike their music sweet,
Hark ! they raise their voices meet,
Soft and mellow like the note
From the distant Koil's throat,
When the morning's blooming ray
Is not lingering far away.

III.

They're crowned with fragrant wreaths of flowers,
Culled from the Jumna's greenest bowers,
Where constant joy and rosy hours,
On pinions fleet fly smilingly ;
And there the three bright nights beguiling
With fairy damsels sweetly smiling,
His time is youthful Krishna whiling,
In purple pleasure's ecstasy.

IV.

Behold young Krishna's azure hue
Is like the spring-cloud's lovely blue,

With sparkling eyes like diamonds proud.
 And there is Rádha by his side,
 In budding youth and beauty's pride,
 Like lightning clinging to a cloud.

V.

Like the bow that Káma strings,
 Are her lips of ruby light ;
 Whence the smiles that round she flings,
 Like his darts of swiftest flight,
 Pierce the youthful bosom deep,
 Not, as feigned, with poison's pain,
 But a softness, by which sleep
 Grieves and cares — mischance's train.

VI.

The bright enchantress of the night
 Is o'er them pouring fleecy light ;
 The stars but faintly burn above,
 Like woman's languid eyes through love ;

131

And the breeze that is breathing so gentle and
gay,
Tells whence he has stolen the fragrance away.

December 13, 1829.

No. III.—KÁRTIK PUJÁ;

Or a festival in honour of KÁRTIKEYA, the Divine Commander-in-chief of the celestial army.

I.

God of the never-erring darts !
Which ever deal destructive smarts,
And deeply drink the blood of hearts,
Flung from thy mighty bow.
Since thy blessed birth, the heavenly host,
Who had to demon fear been lost,
Protection from thy prowess boast,
Their great commander thou.

132

II.

God of the dreadful spear! which when
A blazing comet to the ken—
Descended on the mountain, then
How were the gods amazed!
It sunk deep in the mountain high,
The beings of the azure sky
To stir it up did vainly try—
They barely on it gazed.

III.

When sovereign Indra on his throne,
No more with independence shone,
But wandered through the world alone,
In fear of demons fell;
The gods who roamed in banishment,
To ask his aid to Siva went,
And glad were they with his consent
To crush the powers of hell.

133

IV.

And thou wert born—the moment blessed—
And didst, with power unmatched possessed,
Deep fix in Táraká's proud breast

Thy spear, and laid him slain;
The other demons in thy dread,
To hell's obscure recesses fled;
And golden peace her laureled head
Reared in the world again.

V.

The gods assumed their thrones again,
And heaven re-echoed with the strain
Of music, and the vocal train
Attuned their voices meet;
The ever-gay delights which bless
The deathless gods with happiness,
Whom neither cares nor pains oppress,
Were doubly gay and sweet.

VI.

Such is thy glory, such thy might,
 The help of gods, the mortal fright
 Of those, who blind to mental light,

Live in the darksome clime.

Such is thy glory, god of war !

Which like an ever-burning star,
 That beams o'er regions wide and far,
 Shines on—undimmed by time.

July 12, 1830.

No. IV.—JANMĀSHTAMI;

Or *Janma Yātrā*, a festival in commemoration of the birth of KRISHNA.

I.

Lo ! where the flaming east of brightening
 morn,

Proclaims the coming of the Lord of Day,
 The various streaks that all the skies adorn,

Like angels shooting through the heavenly way,
To every clime the joyous news convey,
And nature fair who wept in dew-drops, wears,
Decked with a verdant smile, an aspect gay,
As beauty's visage being washed with tears,
More lovely, fair and beautifully bright appears.

II.

The woodland tribes salute the rising sun,
Or rove delightful or attune their song,
To fling his notes the Koil hath begun,
And others join him in the grove along
The sacred river, while the flowers among,
His lay so merrily the Bulbul sings,
As if the moments which to heaven belong,
Were given to him alone. The soft gale flings
The sighs of flowers and bears their odours on its
wings.

136

III.

But hark ! what noise invades the peaceful ear ?
What shouts and joyful acclamations rise ?

Why sounds of cymbals, drums, and pipes ~~ap-~~
~~pear lila and kana~~ .

As if to rend the vault of yonder skies ?

Why should the people with astonished eyes
Crowd to the place where Nanda doth reside ?

Why many a learned, holy sage there hies
Whose wealth is prayer and virtue is whose
guide ?

'Tis Krishna born to crush the demons and their
pride.

IV.

Behold the power supreme revealed on earth,
In mortal dress ! His infant head is crowned
With beams of glory, and his promised birth
With gladness fills the whole creation round.

The demons proud whose impious souls are
bound,

137

With ignorance's and delusion's chain,
Shrink at the holy conch-shell's herald sound,
As if afflicted with a mortal pain,
And see with hopeless eyes their all endeavours
vain.

V.

Look, look how beautiful ! The new-born boy
Reclines upon its mother's cautious arm,
Like young Hope resting in the breast of Joy,
Around whom wantons every infant charm,
Which makes with future hope all bosoms warm
Of thronging men and many a saintly sage,
Who gazè delighted on young Krishna's form,
For now the long oppressive, baneful age
Will be no more ere long, and fiends will cease to
rage.

VI.

Now soon the wicked king of demons foul,
Will feel the dread result of all his hate ;

And soon beneath the god's divine controul,
 Bow justly to his predetermined fate :
 His power and impious glory, which so late
 Have spread sad terrors o'er the trembling land,
 Even like a meteor from its blazing state,
 Will fall to nothing by th' almighty hand
 Of Vishnu great and Bhagavati's high command.

December 19, 1829.

No. V.—SRI PANCHAMI;

Or *Saraswati Puja*, a festival in honour of SARASWATI, the goddess of Learning.

I.

Goddess of speech and eloquence!
 And other arts which show,
 The triumph and omnipotence
 Of genius here below.

II.

Goddess of every mental grace,
 And virtue of the soul,
 Which high exalt the human race,
 And lead to glory's goal !

III.

'Tis thou who bid'st the infant mind,
 Its growing thoughts display,
 Which lay within it undefined—
 In regular array.

IV.

Benignant power ! the young, the old,
 The infant, and the sage,
 With gratitude in thee behold
 A guide in every age.

V.

Daughter of Brahma ! thou hast given
 Reason and wisdom's ray,
 To mortals blind to light to heaven
 Their earthly, dreary way.

VI.

But O ! without thy lenient grace
 What would this world have been ?
 Involved in utter gloom, a place
 Deprived of wisdom's sheen.

VII.

Thou art allied with Vishnu high
 Lord of the universe,
 Whose praises in the earth and sky,
 The gods and men rehearse.

VIII.

Thy silver-shining brow is bound
 With learning's halo bright,
 Thou bear'st a lute whose magic sound
 Breathes sweetness and delight.

IX.

O ! be upon our earth again
 As thou hast ever been,
 Leaving thy heavenly bower and plain
 Of never-fading green.

X.

ring has resumed her cheerful sway,
 And nature smiles around,
 c whispering zephyrs lightly play
 A heart-inspiring sound.

XI.

o merry song-birds from the sprays
 'our out their notes of love,
 flowrets blush kissed by the rays
 f the bright sun above.

XII.

these are beauties all for thee,
 'hich spring hath offered here;
 n come, O! come propitiously,
 om thy resplendent sphere.

XIII.

with thy presence hallow earth,
 uir goddess of the arts!
 thine will be—ere now put forth—
 ese offerings of our hearts.

No. VI.—DURGÁ PUJÁ;

Or a festival in honour of DURGA the consort of SIVA.

I.

Fair summer's days have rolled away—

Its flowers no more abound ;

But autumn holds her closing sway,

With plenty smiling round.

The young moon beams her silver ray

And shines serenely bright ;

As if in heaven's etherial way,

She were the watch of night ;

O ! 'tis the time when Durgá ! thou dost deign

To see what beauties spring in autumn's reign.

II.

Goddess adored in every clime,

Beneath the Indian sun,

Since when of old perennial time,

Its course began to run !

Fair daughter of the mountain-king !

With Siva great combined !

143

Thou art all mercy, and the spring
Of goodness unconfined.
Benignant Power ! Remover of distress !
Thy blessings are sweet peace and happiness.

III.

When evils great and dangers dire
Disturb the wordly spheres,
By thine high grace they all expire,
And peace again appears.
Thou art the energy divine,
Or power personified ;
Beneath that potent arm of thine,
How many demons died.
The mighty Minotaur had warred in vain
With thee, whose prowess stretched him breathless—slain.

IV.

The godlike Ráma vainly sued
His mighty foe to kill;

With more than human power endued,
 His purpose failed him still ;
 But when thou wakened from thy sleep,
 Didst yield unto his prayer,
 What joy then thro' his heart ran deep !
 What light hope darted there !
 'Tis thus O goddess ! by adoring thee,
 He slew his foe and made his Sita free.

V.

When sprang creation-making will
 In the great eternal mind ;
 Worlds had no form, no order, till
 Thou wast with them combined.
 Then chaos and primeval gloom
 Their olden banners furled ;
 And by th' irrevocable doom
 Light leaped upon the world,
 Where every object bursting into birth,
 Showed order in the infant sky and earth.

No. VII.—DOLA YATRĀ;

ival, in commemoration of the swinging of KRISHNA in the
cradle while a child.

I.

ald of spring, the southern gale,
whispers soft thro' every vale,
roclaimeth spring's return ;
I wakes the blighted plants of bowers,
h magic touch to bloom with flowers,
Beneath the solar urn.

II.

ght with the beams of coming even,
lowing yonder western heaven,
Which many a hue combine ;
if it were a heavenly dome,
ere in her variegated home,
Would fancy love to shine.

III.

et pleasure breathes in every tone
beasts, within these woodlands lone,

Or birds that wander gay ;
 As 'twere a farewell to the sun,
 Whose race of splendour hath been run—
 Who now hath fled away

IV.

Where yonder rosy-bosomed waves
 O'erflow the cool and coral caves
 Of sacred Jumna's tide ;
 And make a music sweet and soft,
 As on they travel, dimpling oft,
 In solemn, sullen pride.

V.

And now full many a youthful dame,
 Born in that race, whose mighty fame
 Hath flown in every way,
 Came round the cradle where the boy,
 The flower—the hope—the pride—the joy
 Of Nanda, resting lay.

I47

VI.

And as with frolicks, lisps and smiles,
The infant god his time beguiles,

They swing him oft again ;
And in the ONE ETERNAL's praise,
Their voices sweet harmonious raise,
Combined with music's strain.

VII.

And all is fair and all delight,
As though they made the evening bright
With pleasure's sunshine glow ;
As though they meant to banish all
The cares and sorrows, that appal
This hapless world below.

January 4,.1830.

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No. VIII.—KOJÁGARA PURNIMÁ ;

Or *Lakshmi Puja*, a festival in honour of LAKSHMI, the goddess of plenty, love, and beauty.

I.

Goddess of every soft desire !
And beauty's every charm !
Goddess of love's bewildering fire !
And bosoms that are warm,
With thrilling passion's burning flow ;
While feelings newly-born,
Gay flutter in the genial glow,
In youth's delightful morn.
As little insects roam and play,
Beneath the sun's enlivening ray.

II.

Goddess of love-illumined hours,
And every earthly pleasure !
Which thou unto this world of ours,
Vouchsafest from thy treasure.

**Queen of the smiles that round the heart
Weave a soft web of spells !
With which it would not ever part,
Though dangerous fate there dwells.
As in the film his skill prepared,
The spider would be ever snared.**

III.

**Thine is the rapture high which charms
The youthful heart with love ;
Thine is the rapture high which warms
The glittering realms above ;
O ! those who dwell upon the bright
And star-enlightened sky,
And those who live beneath the light
Of the proud sun on high—
All own thy irresistible power,
In love's delicious, hallowed hour.**

IV.

When from the churned, revolving main,
 Thy peerless form appeared,
 Amidst thy nymphs—a lovely train,
 By beauty's charms endeared ;
 How fared the gods and demon-band !—
 Their hearts—tho' late depressed
 With toil—began now to expand,
 With joy and love possessed.
 As by the sun's inspiring rays,
 The lotus-bud itself displays.

V.

With thee, the sister goddess fair
 Bearing the nectar cup,
 With sparkling eyes and raven hair,
 From out the flood rose up.
 For thou art queen of potent love,
 That brings on sweetest bliss,
 Which ever charms the gods above,
 But here we often miss.
 O ! cast that look benign on earth,
 Which deathless joys in heaven brings forth.

VI.

The full moon of the cloudless night

Is beaming o'er the plains,

And radiant streams of silver light

From her watch-tower she rains.

The gentle, balmy breeze that roves

In blithe diversion round,

Through harvest-fields and shady groves,

Whispers a murmuring sound,

While silence in the balm of sleep,

Hath plunged the wide creation deep.

VII.

Crowned with the golden ears of corn

The harvest-fields below,

That have a matchless verdure worn,

Smile by the lunar glow;

And seem afar as if the sky,

Our emerald sky hath been

Down on the earth, while on it high

The meteors dim are seen.

O ! these are blessings to our living,

Goddess of plenty ! of thy giving.

VIII.

Thy kind and all-perf ecting hand
 Gave bloom to nature fair ;
 And strews thy favours o'er our land,
 In lavish bounty rare . . .
 Whatever makes our comfort here,
 Or soothes a heart of pain ;
 Whate'er there be in th' upper sphere,
 Which we would strive to gain—
 Are all but blessed gifts of thine,
 Thou deity of love divine !

July 22, 1830.

No. IX.—JHULANA YĀTRĀ;

Or a festival, in commemoration of one of the numerous gambols of
 KRISHNA with the milk-women.

I.

Mark ! how the roses laughing fling
 Their odours on the breezes round,
 As o'er their pride, the Bulbuls sing
 Their plaintive lays, in sweetest sound.

As beauty slighted the loves and vows,
 Her faithful lover breathes in pain,
 And on the idle crowd bestows
 Her heedless favours—but in vain.

• II.

But look to heaven! the moon appears
 Blushing to show her virgin face;
 And o'er the world her diamond tears,
 She sheds in sympathetic grace.
 Her beams upon the river spread,
 To wanton with the waves in play,
 But, like a maid in love and dread,
 Shrink from the wavy clasps away.

III.

The verdant boughs in Krishna's bowers,
 Of pines and limes are waving gay,
 Where pleasures with their hand-maid hours
 And rosy love together play.

And Krishna there is circled round
 With many a youthful maiden fair,
 Whose moonbeam-coloured brows are bound
 With wreaths of flowers, best growing there.

IV.

High on a throne of glittering gold,
 Beset with pearls and diamonds bright,
 And borne by strings of wondrous mould,
 Hung from a vault of azure light ;
 Young Krishna proves his various love
 Unto the maids of lovely smiles,
 And swinging gaily in that grove,
 The five bright nights in joy beguiles.

V.

Soft music breathes her mellow note,
 As if it were a heavenly strain,
 At midnight's solemn hour afloat,
 And kissing just this world of pain.

And sweeter songs are merrily sung,
 Than those by Kinnar-chorus given,
 As if in emulation flung
 To echo in great Indra's heaven.

December 25, 1829.

No. X.—KÁLI PUJÁ;

Or *Syámá Pujá*, a festival in honour of KÁLI or SYÁMÁ, an emanation from the head of DURGÁ and the goddess of war.

I.

Most terrible Power ! surrounding thee dance
 The direful disasters of war ;
 Like lightning terrific thy ominous glance
 Doth pierce through the heart from afar.

II.

Thy deeply black hue is like that of a cloud,
 Hanging dark in a sky overcast ;
 Thy breath is like that of the storm-god when
 proud,
 He rides on the hurricane-blast.

III.

Most terrible Power! like the bursting of thunder,
 Thy shoutings in battle are drear;
 Which even the bravest of hearts ever sunder,
 With a blight of their hope and with fear.

IV.

A necklace of every great warrior's head
 By thee severed, thy person doth deck ;
 Which grinning with horrible life and with dread,
 And clashing, depends from thy neck.

V.

Dread honours on thee, aw~~f~~ful goddess ! await,
 While havoc, and slaughter, and fear,
 In smiles that are ghastly—with pitiless fate,
 All wildly exult in thy rear.

VI.

Most terrible Power ! in the midst of thy brow,
 How blazingly burneth thine eye !
 Like a red, fiery meteor, which direful doth glow
 At night in a cloud-darkened sky.

VII.

The flash of thy sword and the gleam of thy spear,

When they sink in the enemy's heart,
Illumine the plain with a brilliancy drear,
At which strength and all valour depart.

VIII.

With hideous attendants of many a form,

When fiercely thou rushest to war;
Thou seem'st like a gloomy and fast-coming
storm,
Or the night in her dark-spreading car.

IX.

O ! thou art all darkness, delusion and dread,

Great Káli ! most terrible Power !

Thou hast sprung from the beautiful Párvati's
head.

When wrath on her forehead did lower.

August 1, 1830.

No. XI.—AKSHAYÁ TRITIYÁ;

Or a day held extremely sacred for its being the anniversary of Creation and the commencement of the *Satya Yuga* or golden age.

I.

When was it that the glorious sun,
 In bright magnificence begun,
 The azure skies along,
 And golden clouds among,
 His first, majestic course to run,
 As burst to birth,
 The infant earth
 Smiled out of chaos vast and dun ?

II.

'Twas on this day, this blessed day,
 When formed of dark and shapeless clay,
 The wide creation, planned
 By God's omnific hand,
 In pride of blooming newness lay,
 O happy prime
 Of new-born time !
 Beneath thy mild, auspicious sway.

III.

Hail glorious age ! when first surprise,
 And wonder, with their widened eyes,
 And admiration young,
 Without expression, hung
 Over the earth, and on the skies
 In rapture gazed,
 And were amazed
 To find themselves so proudly rise.

IV.

Hail glorious age ! when innocence,
 And rigid truth's omnipotence,
 And virtue's purest flame,
 Not only known by name,
 Shed all their mighty influence ;
 And every heart,
 From guilt apart,
 Was guarded by their strong defence.

V.

When everlasting youth and love
Were all on earth as all above;

And ever unrestrained
By laws severe, remained

With youths and maidens wont to rove,
By fount or rill,
Or where at will,

The song-birds sang in shady grove

VI.

When lofty heaven's immortal powers
Disported on this world of ours,

Like very mortal men,
O'er hill or woody glen,

Gemmed with the fairest, sweetest flowers;

As love and joy
Without alloy,

Led on the young and smiling hours.

August 4, 1830.

MINOR POEMS.

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SONNET

TO THE MOON.

How in the mirrored pavement of the sky,
Thou, like a stately lady robed in white,
Walkest and seem'st as shedding from on high,
In constant showers, thy soul-subduing light!
But now withdrawest thou from mortal sight,
And, with thy veil of silver-fringed cloud,
Thy fair and modest mien thou dost enshroud,
As if ashamed to show it. But its bright
And soft and lovely beauty leaves behind
Its image stamped within the bosom's core,
And brings the long-departed days to mind;
When love beneath thee, oped his pleasure-store;
The happy past then blazes high and bright,
As if thy beams have kindled memory's light!

January 15, 1829.

A SONG.

Translated from the Bengallee.

See ! yonder his rays
 The sun now displays,
 And the night has departed away ;
 It warns us to part
 That grieveth my heart,
 And it faints at the saddening ray.

On the gliding stream,
 By the morning beam,
 Tho' the lotos is gaily outspread ;
 Yet closed is my soul
 By sorrow's controul,
 And it droops like a lily its head.

Mark ! how at this hour
 Grows languid the flower,
 As sinketh the sorrowful moon.
 My love ! so thou art
 The moon of my heart,
 That will languish thou partest as soon.

March 4, 1829.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

Obdurate winter ! haste away ;
With all thy train of cold and blast,
And foggy night and cloudy day,
Thy gloomy, hated reign is past.

Hence to thy gloomy den begone ;
No more apply thy impious hand
The tender blooms of flowers upon ;
Nor dare to loose thy ruthless band.—

But cuckoo, wake enchanting hours,
By singing thy delightful lays ;
Or rove among the fairest flowers,
Where stored with sweets the black-bee strays.

Sweet bard of spring ! the zephyr mild
Plays to thy song its murmuring strain
Of music mellow, soft, and wild,
As rosy days appear again.

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Melodious harbinger of spring !
Ere yet the wind of winter chill,
Forgets dark-frowning clouds to bring,
Or madly rave in howling shrill ;

Thou seated on the new-born spray,
Dost give out from thy little bill,
Notes that but make the heart be gay
With ecstacy's enrapturing thrill.

But lo ! with all the graces round,
High on his gaily gilded car,
With victory over winter crowned,
Appears in purple spring afar.

Hail sovereign of the seasons *six* !*
Benignant, all-delightful spring !
Come, here thy throne once more now fix,
And all thy gaities with thee bring.

* According to us the seasons are in number six.

Her iris robe now wide displays,
Maternal Nature on the earth,
While birds pour out their tuneful lays,
And give to many a pleasure birth.

The trees put forth their leafy pride ;
How shoot the sprays and flowrets bloom !
Thy reign's a joy they would not hide ;
O were it earth's eternal doom !

But oh ! these charms of spring shall pass,
And hope no more shall gild our care ;
Twill leave the heart what once it was,
Like desert tree by blasts made bare !

But what is hope ? and what her charms ?
It is a sadly pleasing thing,
That, like the sun, bedecks and warms
The clouds of cares, in pleasure's spring.

Or hope is like the glittering star,
 Whose loved rays soothe the anxious breast ;
 Or 'tis like music heard afar,
 That softly lulls our cares to rest.

* * * *

March, 1828.

THE SETTING SUN.

Majestic sun ! enrobed in all the pomp
 Of burning gold, how awful, splendid, bright,
 Art thou : a mellowing glory round thee streams,
 While like a mighty, Eastern Potentate,
 Thou dost repose upon thy western throne
 Of crimson clouds, and while the circling skies
 Bright glow with living colours. Among all
 The changeful objects of this nether world,
 Thy first and last condition is the same.—
 From yonder heaven's flaming brow, when thou
 To old, primeval darkness, leav'st the world,

How beauteous nature soon will grieve for thee,
 And lorn and desolate the heavens will weep
 In tears of diamond dew.—Yet thou art gay,
 As when thy glorious race thou didst begin
 Exulting in the morn. As more and more
 Thou dost retire, the distant woodlands green
 Wear mournful looks; and now that thou hast
 left

The world, how widowed nature sad appears!
 In dark and silent pomp, advancing on,
 As if to see where thou, its light of life,
 Art so unkindly fled. ——————

August 17, 1830.

WISHES.

I would I were the rosy bloom
 Which beauty on thy cheeks hath laid;—
 O! what an envied, happy doom
 It would be mine, my fairest maid!

I would I were the smile that lives
 Upon thy lips like coral bright;
 And, as it beams in softness, gives
 To poets thoughts of dear delight.

I would I were the zephyr sweet,
 To kiss thy face and round it play;
 And when thou sigh'st for love, to greet
 Those sighs, and steal their sweets away.

I would I were the whiteness pure,
 That clings unto thy bosom's swell,
 That others I'd to madness lure,
 While I myself there safely dwell.

I would I were a lunar beam,
 To draw thy gaze on me above;
 I would I were an amorous dream,
 To please thy mind with thoughts of love.

But no ; a silent, lifeless thing
 To be, I never should aspire ;
For then thy praise I could not sing,
 The praise thy stainless virtues fire.

But I would be that form of shine,
 An angel high to celebrate
Thy virtues pure and charms divine,
 In heavenly lays appropriate.

March 8, 1829.

EVENING IN MAY.

Written during a shower.

Proud of his desolating power,
 The storm runs thro' the skies ;
And on the meadow many a flower,
 The wreck of beauty—lies.

On yonder temple's lofty brow
 Where lightnings flash around,
 The sable clouds are gathering now
 With thunder's regal sound.

By fits the distant trees are seen,
 The houses gleam to sight ;
 Dark is the meadow's welcome green,
 But darker grows the night !

Now mark the rain-drops as they fall
 Making a music sweet,
 Down from their dark, ethereal hall,
 Like diamonds glittering meet.

Blessed with the shower the cattle raise
 Their notes to heaven above ;
 As 'twere to Him a common praise
 Who gives us joy and love.

The breezes from their viewless wings,
 Their odorous stores dispense ;
 As if they were sweet offerings,
 To court the eager sense.

O ! how the young heart at this hour
 Beats as 'twould issue forth,
 Incited by the wizard power,
 That brings such joy on earth.

May 15, 1828.

LINKS TO A STAR.

Written during a storm.

Bright, lovely star ! how brighter far
 To-night appearest thou,
 Above the wrathful, sweeping war
 Of winds contending now !

O ! thou dost burn like memory's light
O'er days of former life ;
When in the bosom's murky night,
Sorrow hath raised its strife !

Lone dweller in the desert heaven,
Sole cheerer of the night !
Like hope to sorrowing mortals given
The waste of life to light !

The clouds are hiding oft thy form
By tempest's anger loud ;
As cares by rough misfortune's storm,
The beams of hope enshroud !

June 1, 1828.

LINES

TO A FRIEND.

Forbear to bid me join the throng,
 Who mix in revel loud and long ;
 Where mirth, and music, song and dance,
 Alternately the heart entrance.

O ! why would you desire to cloy
 With my dark sorrow, other's joy ?
 Or why would you my heart of woe
 Force to the joy it cannot know ?

But let me here be all alone ;
 My mind is now to sadness prone ;
 And memory's hand unveils the years,
 That erst have flowed in sorrow's tears.

As parted winter leaves behind
 Its murky clouds ; so o'er my mind
 Though now the years of sorrow's pains
 Be passed ; their shadow still remains.

August 12, 1830.

MORNING IN MAY.

Written after a shower.

See ! the bright and rosy morning
Smiling comes and gay,
And the skies with streaks adorning,
Brings a cheerful day.

To his destined goal returning,
Now the sun appears !
How the east with gold is burning,
As his crest he rears.

See ! the tender sprouts are springing,
On the life-gained tree.
Where the birds are sweetly singing,
Full of nature's glee.

How the beauteous flowers are blooming !
Most of all the rose,
That, the day, to sweetness dooming
Variegated glows !

Hear the cuckoo's far, sweet cooing
 From that cage's gloom,*
And the love-lorn Bhramar's† wooing
 Of the lotos bloom.

Sweetly now the breeze is blowing,
 Tuning soft his song ;
How the golden river's glowing,
 As it rolls along !

These are joys of Nature's giving,
 True and harmless joys.
Would they had a lasting living,
 Transient not like toys !

May 17, 1828.

* The cages for birds of amusement are for many reasons covered with cloth-veils, and consequently dark within.

† A large buzzing bee called the humble-bee, which is said to be in love with the lotos flower, which has been the cause of many tender illusions in Hindu poetry.

GRIEF.

Grief! many a night and many a day
Of sadness, has been mine ;
And why should'st thou then still betray
The heart that's long been thine ?

Of every joy and every hope
Hast thou deprived me long ;
And left my heart alone to cope
With agonies too strong.

Me, far hath fled forgetfulness
And memory stings the mind ;
And o'er the ruined heart's distress,
Thou ragest like the wind.

Thy dreary blast blows wild and chill,
And brings dark clouds of care ;
And though there's nothing left, why still
My heart thou wilt not spare !

Cease, cease, O cease thy ruthless strife,
 And give my heart repose ;
 And let there blossom in my life
 One solitary rose.

June 27, 1829.

INVITATION.

How sweet it is to sit within a bower
 To watch the moonbeams gliding through the leaves,
 To feel the gale, to be with but the one,
 The zest of happiness and talk of love.
 This is not life ; 'tis something more than earthly.

The sun has set, the twilight fades,
 And darkness gathers round,
 The Bulbul lone wakes in these shades
 His softest, sweetest sound.

Then come my love ! and in this bower
 We'll sit and cheer the while,
 For thee a wreath of many a flower
 I've strung to greet thy smile.

The cattle are retired to sleep,
The birds are in their nest,
To home the shepherd's gone, and deep
The world is hushed to rest.

How safe the hour ! no curious ear
Shall listen to our love,
Or eye intrusive shall be near,
To see us in the grove.

Then come, sweet lady ! in this bower
Where fragrant myrtles breathe ;
For thee of many a lovely flower
I've strung a fragrant wreath.

I'll place it round thy forehead fair,
Like halo round the moon,
And thou shalt cheer the night of care
Within my bosom soon.

And lo ! the moon appears on high
 With visage full and bright,
 The stars—the wonders of the sky,
 Emit their twinkling light.

His branching head the citron towers ;
 The breezes softly play,
 And stealing fragrance from the flowers,
 They blithely speed away.

The mighty Ganges rolls his stream,
 Where glittering moonbeams shine,
 O ! all around would pass a dream
 If crowned with charms of thine.

Then come my love, and in this bower
 We'll sit and cheer the while,
 For thee a wreath of many a flower
 I've twined to greet thy smile.

February 8, 1829.

SONNET

TO THE MOON.

Isle of the blest! Enchantress of the soul!
O Moon! whose mild and chastely beauteous
beams
Can o'er our griefs exert a calm controul,
Inspire sweet visions—call forth fancy's dreams,
While hope acknowledging thy gentle reign,
Elates my heart with scenes of future joy,
And softly vows she never will again
Desert me and these pleasing dreams destroy.—
When bathed in rain thou rearest thus on high
Thy lovely visage shedding sorrow's balm,
Amid thy sister sparklers of the sky,
And when no savage wind disturbs its calm,—
Then in thy radiance, queen of silent night!
O! how I love to gaze upon thy light!

May 19, 1828.

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FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not! alas! we now
Have parted—not as we would part,
With joy and love-illumined brow!
But with a sad and aching heart.

Where are those days, those rosy hours?
When we believed, how vain! our life
Was but composed of shine and flowers,
Without a thought of tempest-strife.

On swiftest wings those hours have gone,
Alas! too soon they 've passed away,
And life that once so brightly shone,
Is changed to gloom and cheerless day.

Those sunny days away have flashed,
Like quickly-darting meteors bright;
The flowers of life away are dashed,
And pleasure's day brings sorrow's night.

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Then dearest love ! forget me not !
It is a comfort still to know
That thou hast not the one forgot
Whose only joy thou art below.

O ! if thou dost but shed a tear
Upon my fate that bade me part
With thee ;—with less pain I can bear
The giant woe—my rebel heart.

How have our fondest hopes been vain !
As quickly rainbow-hues decay ;
We mark them once and scarce again—
So fleetly they have passed away.

Yet if thou keep me in thy breast,
To know that thou hast not forgot,
Will still my heaving heart give rest,
Then pray thee, sweet ! forget me not !

March 6, 1829.

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SONG

OF THE BOATMEN TO GANGA.

Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her
prow.

In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies :
Like a white-winged spirit thro' topaz-paved
skies.

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee, the breezes are shedding their
balm ;
And nature beholds her fair features pourtrayed,
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves,
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool, coral caves ;
And thence, with his tiar of light, in the morn,
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam,
That lightens and crimsons thy soft-flowing
stream;

Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,
Whose waves as they burst in their brightness
are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon
grace

The hall of the stars with her light-shedding
face;

The wandering planets will over thee throng;
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won!
And as to the bright sun now dropped from our
view,

So Gangá! we bid thee a cheerful adieu!

September 17, 1829.

THE VINA;

OR THE INDIAN LUTE.*

Lute of my country ! why dost thou remain
 Unstrung, neglected, desolate, and bound
 With envious Time's and Ignorance's chain ?
 Ah lonely lute ! who heareth now thy sound ?
 Which oft, as 'twere in gladness, did rebound
 In courts, responsive to the tuneful band,
 Who fired with various transports all around,
 And whose unequalled spirit could command
 Thy magic chords with love and rapture-kindling
 hand.

Though not a passer pays his tribute sigh,
 Yet thus no more shalt thou unheeded be,

* The *Vinā* or Indian Lute is a fretted instrument of the guitar kind, usually having seven wires or strings and a large gourd at each end of the finger board ; the extent of the instrument is two octaves ; it is supposed to be the invention of NAREDA (the greatest of celestial saints and the son of BRAHMA) and has many varieties, enumerated according to the number of strings, &c. *Am. Co.—Mr. Wilson's Sanscrit Dictionary. Page 841.* For a more particular account of this instrument, see *Asiatic Researches Vol. 1. Page 295.*

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See Knowledge, heavenly maid, descending
nigh,

Whose ever blessed vot'ries will string thee,
And give unto the world thy harmony :

When Time and Ignorance will try in vain
To hide thy sweet, triumphant minstrelsy ;
But listening crowds shall press to hear thy
strain,

And thou shalt be the pride—the joy of bards again.

Yet grant me, once beloved lute ! to touch
Thy strings, where witching sweetness ever
dwells,

My skill tho' scant, my feebleness tho' much,
Tho' spirits guard thee with their mighty spells.—
O ! let me wake one note that sadness quells,
One heart-enchanting note, renowned of yore,
At whose despotic sway the heart but swells,
With all the ecstasy of fancy's lore,

When hope her many-coloured picture holds before.

February 1828.

CAN I CEASE TO REMEMBER.

Can I cease to remember the smiles of delight,
 Illumined by love on thy lips ruby-bright ?
 Like rainbows of rosy resplendence they shone
 Sweet over my bosom--now dreary and lone.

Thine eyes were the stars in the heaven of my
 love,

Bright beaming in mildness and fondness above,
 And shedding a rapture before never known,
 Whose all-witching power can no sorrow disown.

Can I cease to remember those dear hands of
 thine,

Which glowed with the hue of a lily divine,
 And gracefully rounding,—a circle of bliss,
 Enfolded my neck with a smile and a kiss ?

Can I cease to remember that meeting with thee,
 That as morning's gay beams are to night, was
 to me ;

Which drove with its lively, enrapturing ray,
Dark sorrows and griefs from my bosom away ?

Can I cease to remember the love that we bore,
Like a sunshiny day ?—but ah ! now 'tis no
more !—

Where never a cloud of suspicion could steal—
Which was bright and serene in its fulness of
weal.

Can I cease to remember the hour that for ever
Like daylight from evening, did you from me
sever ?

Yet sweet was its close like the evening that
bright

Enlightens the skies with its mellowing light.

August 19, 1830.

NOTES

TO THE

HINDU FESTIVALS

NOTES TO THE HINDU FESTIVALS.

Before illustrating, however, the "Hindu Festivals" with notes, it is necessary for the information of the European reader, to explain that they, with the exception of a very few only, (such as *Kártik Puja*, *Charak Puja*, *Ghetu Puja* and others,) occur on the days of the Hindu lunar year, which commences from the new moon of the month of *Baisákh* (April, May) and ends on the fourteenth lunation, dark half, of the same month; and not on those of the Hindu current or solar year which begins from the first day of *Baisákh* (answering to the 12th or sometimes the 13th April) and ends on the last day of *Chaitra* (or the 11th or 12th April.) It is necessary to mention also that when the lunation of a festival extends between two days, the festival, if it should be celebrated in the daytime, takes place on the second day, provided the lunation does not continue less than forty-eight minutes after sunrise; for morning is said to be sacred to the Gods and afternoon to the Manes of ancestors. "Performance of a *Vrata* (religious ceremony) or fast, or bathing, or giving of gifts, should be made in the morning of the second day of its lunation, if there be not less than a *Ghatiká* (forty-eight minutes) of it on that day."—*Tithitattva*. I shall further add, as it will appear evident to the reader in the "Hindu Festivals," that the destruction of the demoniac power, which very frequently rose to a considerable height so as to endanger the authority of even the gods, was an object as earnestly desired by all classes of beings as it was difficult of accomplishment. Hence, when the other gods were unable, VISHNU the Preserver of the universe was often obliged to assume a human body to effect the subjugation of the demons and rescue the world from their impious hands. As, owing to these circumstances much importance of character was attached to the God who killed any powerful demon, I have taken the liberty of alluding to them more frequently in the "Hindu Festivals" than I would have otherwise done, in order to preserve the spirit and character of Hindu poetry on such subjects.

1 *Glorious river ! thee of yore
Siva on his tresses bore, &c.*

Page 125 l. 1.

Inconsequence of the incapability of the earth “to bear the sudden descent of so great a river as the *Ganges*,” SIVA stood on a peak of the Himmalayan mountains called *Kailasa*, which was his residence ; and interposed “his sacred head,” on which GANGA first fell, and after wandering for sometime amongst his tresses, took her course to the region of mortals.

2 *Dispensing to the gods above
Purity and holy love.*

Page Ibid. l. 7.

The *Ganges* is deemed as sacred by men as by the Gods, and she waters the three regions, viz. Heaven, Earth, and Hell, under the names of MANDAKINI, GANGA, and BHOGAVATI for the benefit of the beings who inhabit them.

3 *Propitious river ! by thy grace
Royal Sagar's numerous race,
Though burned to ashes by the fire
Of the saintly sage's ire, &c.*

Page Ibid. l. 9.

SAGAR, or properly SAGARA (the former is a contraction of the latter, made for the sake of versification, as in the “Hero’s Reward” Page 101 line 17. *Prayága* was reduced to *Prayág*, the last vowel “a” being unpronounced,) was a king of *Ayudhya* or ancient Oude, who had sixty thousand sons, all of whom perished by the wrath of the sage KAPILA. The following is the story of their death. While SAGARA was engaged in the performance of his one-hundredth *Aswamedha* or horse sacrifice, INDRA the king of Heaven envying the future greatness which would attend the king at the conclusion of his sacrifice, of being raised to the dignity of the sovereign-god of the gods which would prove fatal to his own authority ; took away the horse by night and concealed it in the hermitage of KAPILA. On the day following, the princes finding it with the sage in their search after it, suspected him to be

the thief, and in a fit of anger kicked him. The enraged hermit for a while suspended his meditations which were thus disturbed with personal insult, and with water in his hand as usual, denounced a curse upon the sixty thousand sons of SAGARA consuming them all to ashes. To redeem his ancestors, therefore, BHAGIRATHA, the great grandson of king SAGARA, played to GANGA by the advice of his family priest VASISHTHA. The river-goddess thus propitiated, fell from the *Kamandalu* (an earthen vessel used by a devotee as a water-pot) of BRAHMA on the head of SIVA as described before and thence flowed to the earth. Near the Saugor she was divided into a hundred streams, because that was the place where the numerous sons of SAGARA died, and the hermitage of KAPILA existed ; some traces of which are supposed to remain still, where pilgrims resort every year.

4 *Holy stream ! thou dost bestow
Freedom from each earthly woe,
Destroying all the sins that be
Pertaining to humanity, &c.*

Page 126 l. 5.

The praises of the Ganges are thus recorded in the *Danadharma*, one of the eighteen books of the *Mahabharat* : “ He who, through faith, bathes in the Ganges, which flows in virtue, redeems his one hundred-thousand generations from sin.” And in the *Skanda Purana* ; “ If he who has committed Brahmanicide and other high crimes, bathes in the Ganges but once, he obtains emancipation.”

5 *Beauteous river ! on thy spray
The lotos famed in ancient lay—*

And

*Dreadful river ! in thy waves
His length the alligator laves.*

Page 127 l. 5.

The lotos and the alligator are sacred to the river who is represented as a female sitting upon the animal, and holding a lotos in her hand.

☞ The festival of *Dasaharâ* or *Gangâ Puja* takes place on the tenth lunation, light half, of the month of *Jaishtha* (May, June) on which day, which was a Tuesday, GANGA descended on the earth.

*Soft and mellow like the note
From the distant Koil's throat.*

Page 129 l. 3.

The Koil is the Indian cuckoo. It has been generally doubted whether the Koil is the cuckoo or not, but the natural history of the two are the same, and the authority of several oriental scholars justify my using it in either name.

7 *They're crowned with sweetest flowers
Culled from the Jumna's greenest bowers.*

Page Ibid. l. 7.

The *Yamunā*, or as it is called by foreigners the Jumna, washes the borders of *Vrindāvana*, or Bindrabund, situated on the west side of the river.—Vide Hamilton's Gazetteer, page 151. The place is celebrated as the scene of the youthful sports of KRISHNA, with the GOPIS or milk-maids, which are generally too well known to the European community to require a description by the translation of the Songs of JAYADEVA by Sir William Jones.

8 *And there the three bright nights beguiling
With fairy damsels sweetly smiling,
His time is youthful Krishna whiling.*

Page Ibid. l. 11.

The festival of *Rās Yátrá* continues for three nights of the bright half of the Moon during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth lunations of the month of *Kártika* (October, November,) in commemoration of one of KRISHNA's gambols with the milk-women.

9 *Behold young Ksishna's azure hue.
Is like the spring-cloud's lovely blue,*

Page Ibid. l. 15.

KRISHNA is represented as of the colour of dark indigo, which was much valued in men in ancient times.

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16 *And there is Rádhá by his side,
In budding youth and beauty's pride.*

Page 130 l. 2.

RÁDHÁ was the favourite of KRISHNA, who had no less than sixteen thousand mistresses.

11 *Like the bow that Káma strings,*

Page Ibid. l. 5.

The bow of the deity of love, KÁMA, is of sugar cane ; his bowstring is made up of a line of bees ; and each of his five arrows is tipped with a separate flower. “The weapons and the application of the allegory will be best explained by a verse in Sir W. Jones’s hymn to the deity—

He bends the luscious cane and twists the string,
With bees how sweet but ah ! how keen their sting :
He with five flowerets tips the ruthless darts,
Which through five senses pierce enraptured hearts ;
Strong Chumpa rich with odorous gold
Warm Areca nursed in heavenly mould ;
Dry Nagesar in silver smiling ;
Hot Kirticum our sense beguiling ;
And last to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Love shaft which god’s bright Bela name.”

Annotations to the Cloud Messenger, page 109.

12 *God of the dreadful spear ! which when
A blazing comet to the ken—
Descended on the mountain, then
How were the gods amazed !*

Page 132 l. 1.

KARTIKEYA in an angry mood of his mind, forcibly threw down his spear, which sinking deep in the Himalaya mountain, he defied the gods to raise it up, which they tried but in vain.

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13 *The gods who roamed in banishment,
To ask his aid to Siva went, &c.*

Page 132 l. 13.

At one time the demons having grown extremely powerful under their King TARAKA, by virtue of a boon obtained from SIVA, expelled the Gods from heaven and usurped the sovereignty of INDRA, whowith his subject Gods repaired to SIVA and solicited him to kill the demon-king ; to which SIVA replied he could not do it himself, as it was by his favour that the fiend had acquired so much power, but that he would beget a son who would be capable to destroy him. Accordingly KARTIKEYA was born, who soon after his birth, killed TARAKA and restored the world to its former tranquillity and the Gods to their former respective dignities.

☞ The festival of *Kártik Puja* occurs on the night of the 30th or last day of the month of *Kártika* answering to the 14th of November, excepting in a leap year, when it falls back on the 13th. This is one of the festivals which does not take place on the day or night of a lunation.

14 *'Tis Krishna born to crush the demons and their pride.*
Page 136 l. 9.

The festival of *Janma Yátrá* takes place on the eighth lunation, light half, of the month of *Srában* (July, August.) on which day KRISHNA was born.

15 *Shrink at the holy conch-shell's herald sound.*
Page 137 l. 2.

The sound of the conch shell is deemed very auspicious and holy in religious ceremonies, and on happy occasions.

16 *And see with hopeless eyes their all endeavours vain.*
Page Ibid. l. 4

It being predicted that the eighth child born of VASUDEVA and his wife DEVAKI who should be a boy, should be the destroyer of the demons, they endeavoured all they could to oppose the birth of KRISHNA, but in vain.

17 Now soon the wicked king of demons foul,
 Will feel the dread result of all his hate ;
 And soon beneath the god's divine controul,
 Bow justly to his predetermined fate.

Page 137 l. 14.

In consequence of the before-mentioned prediction, KANSA the King of the demons, and the uncle of KRISHNA by his mother's side conceived such implacable vengeance against the offspring of VASUDEVA and DEVAKI that he successively killed their seven children. When therefore, the eighth child was born, VASUDEVA through fear of its life carried it on the very night of its birth to the house of his friend NANDA and leaving him there brought the infant daughter of NANDA who was born on the same night, by stealth, to evade the death of his child on the plea of its being a girl. But notwithstanding KANSA came in the following morning to the house of VASUDEVA and demanded him to produce his child. VASUDEVA entreated to spare its life as it was not a boy but a girl, but to no purpose.

18 Will fall to nothing by th' almighty hand
 Of Vishnu great and Bhagavati's high command.

Page 138 l. 6.

While KANSA was whirling the female child which was an incarnation of BHAGAVATI or DURGA, in the act of dashing it against the earth, it flew away from his grasp to the skies; when a voice immediately proceeded from it to this effect, "Thou shalt die by him who is growing in age in *Gakula*," a small village near *Mathurá* or *Mutra* where NANDA lived.

19 Daughter of Brahma !—

Page 139 l. 13.

And
 Thou art allied with Vishnu high.

Page 140 l. 5.

The goddess of speech SARASWATI was the will-born daughter of BRAHMA, like LAKSHMI, both of whom were the consorts of NARAYANA or VISHNU the Preserver of the Universe.

20 *Thy silver-shining brow is bound
With learning's halo bright,
Thou bears't a lute whose magic sound
Breathes sweetness and delight.*
Page 140 l. 9.

She is represented as of a very white colour, with a lute (*Vinâ*) in her hand.

21 *Spring has resumed her cheerful sway.*
Page 141 l. 1.

The festival of *Swaraswati Puja* occurs on the fifth lunation of the bright half of the Moon in the month of *Mâgha* (January, February) on which day she is supposed to take rest from her constant literary labours.

22 *O ! 'tis the time when Durgâ ! thou dost design
To see what beauties spring in autumn's reign.*
Page 142 l. 9.

The festival of *Durgâ Puja* takes place on the days of the seventh, eighth, and ninth lunations of the light half of the month of *Aswina* (September, October.) On the following day as usual, she is thrown into water.

23 *Fair daughter of the mountain-king
With Siva great combined.*
Page Ibid. l. 15.

DURGA was the daughter of HIMALAYA the king of the mountains according to some mythologists, and was married to SIVA.

24 *The mighty Minotaur had warred in vain
With thee, whose prowess stretched him breathless—slain.*
Page 143 l. 13.

The story of the Egyptian Minotaur is similar to that of the demon whom DURGA with much difficulty slew and who had the head of a buffalo and the body of a human being; whence his name is MAMISASURA or the buffalo-fiend. Vide Asiatic Researches, vol. VIII. Page 75.

25 *The godlike Ráma vainly sued
His mighty foe to kill, &c.*

Page 143 l. 15.

In the war between RAMA an incarnation of VISHNU the preserver of the universe in the shape of the eldest son of DASARATHA King of ancient Oude; and RAVANA the fiend-king of *Lanka* or the modern Ceylone, which is pretty well known to the Europeans, by Dr. Carey's translation of a part of *Ramayana*, a work on the achievements of the deity; RAMA had destroyed all the demons but could not subdue RAVANA who still remained by himself as powerful and undaunted as he had been with his forces on account of the assistance of DURGA, whom RAMA therefore worshipped and propitiated to abandon RAVANA.

26 *But when thou wakened from thy sleep
Didst yield unto his prayer.*

Page 144 l. 3.

To procure the aid of DURGA for RAMA, BRAHMA woke her from the sleep in which all the Powers of heaven are supposed to continue during the period of the regular rains in India. "On the eleventh day of the enlightened half of the lunar month, *Asárh*, VISHNU (as well as all the other Gods) begins his repose on the Serpent, *Sesha*. On the same day of the bright half of the lunar month, *Bhádra*, he turns on his side; and on this day, the Hindus celebrate the *Jal Yátrá*, or the retiring of the waters. On the eleventh day of the bright half of the lunar month, *Cártica*, he is awokened, and rises from his sleep of four months."—*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. VIII. Page 74. These lunar days are successively called *Nayana Ekádasi*, *Pársu Ekádasi* and *Uthyana Ekádasi*. But the other Gods rise after VISHNU, that is, on the fifteenth lunation or full Moon of the same month, on which day *Rás Yátrá* is celebrated. Hence the adoration of DURGA in the month of *Aswina* is called *Akála* or not in proper time. She is also worshipped in the month of *Chaitra* (March, April) according to RAVANA, and others prior to him; and the Festival is then called *Vásanti Pujá*, which is not, however, very general, though more proper as more ancient.

27 *'Tis thus O Goddess ! by adoring thee
He slew his foe and made his Sitá free.*

Page 144. l. 7.

SITA the daughter of JANAKA and the consort of RAMA being carried away by the giant RAVANA, the war was occasioned, in which RAMA killed RAVANA and rescued his wife.

28 *When sprang creation-making will
In the great eternal mind ;
Worlds had no form, no order, till
Thou wast with them combined.*

Page Ibid. l. 9.

DURGA is represented as *Miyá* or delusion, and *Sakti* or the divine power by which the Supreme Spirit floating on "the vast abyss" on a leaf of the Banyan tree, and who is supposed as void of attributes whatever, created the whole universe.

29 *Herald of spring, the southern gale,
In whispers soft, thro' every vale,
Proclaimeth spring's return.*

Page 145 l. 1.

The festival of *Dola Yátrá* takes place on the fifteenth lunation light half or full Moon of the month of *Fálguna* (February, March.) in commemoration of the swinging of the infant KRISHNA in the cradle.

30 *Where yonder rosy-bosomed waves
O'erflow the cool and coral caves
Of sacred Jumna's tide.*

Page 146 l. 5.

The place *Mathurá* or *Mutra* situated on the east bank of the Jumna or in Sanscrit *Yamuná* is the scene of KRISHNA's nativity, and early adventures.—Vide Hamilton's *Gazetteer*, Page 561.

31 *And now full many a youthful dame,
Born in that race whose mighty fame
Hath flown in every way.*

Page Ibid. l. 11.

The race of YADU in which KRISHNA was born, was held in great respect and is celebrated throughout India.

32 *The flower—the hope—the pride—the joy
Of Nanda, resting luy.*

Page 146 l. 15.

NANDA is the fostering father of KRISHNA, although he is frequently called *Nandanandana*, or the son of NANDA. Vide Note 17 in page 195.

33 *When from the churned, revolving main,
Thy peerless form appeared.*

Page 150 l. 1.

LAKSHMI, or the goddess of fortune, love and plenty, rose from the sea while the Gods and demons were churning it for the *Amrita* or the beverage of immortality.

34 *With thee, the sister goddess fair
Bearing the nectar cup.*

Page Ibid. l. 11.

After LAKSHMI had arisen, she was immediately followed by the Goddess of wine, SURADEVI, with the cup of nectar in her hand. For a more particular account of this, Vide Mr. Parker's beautiful Poem, "The Draught of Immortality."

35 *The full Moon of the cloudless night
Is beaming o'er the plains.*

Page 151 l. 1.

The festival of *Kojagara Purnima*, occurs on the fifteenth lunation, or full Moon of the month of *Kārtika* (October, November) in honour of LAKSHMI who is worshipped six times in a year at the approach of the different harvest seasons; but the *Kojagara Purnima* is now celebrated with more show than the other five are.

36 . *Crowned with the golden ears of corn
The harvest-fields below,
That have a matchless verdure worn,
Smile by the lunar glow.*

Page Ibid. l. 11.

Towards the end of the month of *Kārtika* several rice-crops such as the Aumun become ready to be reaped; and the principal harvest season begins; the adoration of LAKSHMI, or the goddess of plenty, is not therefore inappropriate.

37 *Her beams upon the river spread.*

Page 153 l. 9.

The Yamunā, or the Jumna.—Vide Note 7 page 192.

38 *The five bright nights in joy beguiles.*

Page 154 l. 12.

The festival of *Jhulanā Yātrā*, continues for five nights from the eleventh to the fifteenth lunation, or full Moon of the month of *Kārtika* (October, November) in commemoration of one of KRISHNA's youthful and amorous gambols with the milk-women.

39 *And sweeter songs are merrily sung,
Than those by Kinnar-chorus given,
As if in emulation flung
To echo in great Indra's heaven.*

Page 155 l. 1.

The KINNARAS are the songsters of heaven, and attendants upon the courts of INDRA, KUVERA, and others.

40 *Thy deeply black ha'rs like that of a cloud, &c.
Page Ibid. l. 9.*

*A necklace of every great warrior's head, &c.
And Page 156 l. 5.*

*Most terrible power! in the midst of thy brow
How blazingly burneth thine eye.*

Page Ibid. l. 13.

The Goddess KALI or SYAMA, is represented as of a very dark colour with a string of the skulls of warriors slain by her in battle hanging from her neck to the knee; and having three eyes: two of which are in their natural situations but the third is in the forehead, which is very glaring and large.

41 *With hideous attendants of many a form
When fiercely thou rushest to war;*

Page 157 l. 5.

KALI is attended by goblins of various shapes, sizes, and classes, who are called *Bhūtas, Pisáchas, Yakshas* and others.

42 *O ! thou art all darkness, delusion and dread,*

Page 157 l. 9.

Darkness, (*Tama*) delusion (*Máyá*) and flightfulness (*Bhaya*) are the principal characteristic qualities of KALI.

43 *Thou hast sprung from the beautiful Parvati's head*

When wrath on her forehead did lower.

Page Ibid. l. 11.

PARVATI is a name of DURGA from whose "forehead (when SAMBUH the king of the titanic community being attracted by her beauty, sent two of his chiefs to seize her) contracted with wrathful frowns, sprang swiftly forth a goddess black and of formidable aspect, armed with a scymtar and noose, bearing a ponderous mace and decorated with a garland of dead corses,—robed in the hide of an elephant, dry and withered and hideous with yawning mouth, and jolling tongue and blood-shot eyes, and filling the regions with her shouts."—*Extracted from the Markandeya Purana in the Malati Mahalava, or the Stolen Marriage. Page 57.*

44 *'Twas on this day, this blessed day,*

Page 158 l. 9.

The commencement of the *Satya Yuga* or golden age and the day of creation, according to the Hindus, was on the third lunation, light half, of the month of *Bhaishákh* (April, May) and is on that account held in extreme veneration, although it is not celebrated with any pomp or show.

For a more particular account of the nature and character of the Hindu Festivals, the reader is requested to see the "Hindu Kalendar" published at intervals in the Government Gazette of 1827, by its Editor, or Asiatic Researches, vol. 3 Page 521.